

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY:

ESSAYS FROM THE "SPECTATOR."

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

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परोपकारायसतां विभूतयः ।

भारतीभवन पुस्तकालय, प्रयाग

पुस्तक का नाम Sir Roger de Coverley

पुस्तकदाता का नाम Shri Gopalji Kapoor

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INTRODUCTION.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milston, near Amesbury, in Wiltshire, on May 1, 1672. His father was the Rev. Lancelot Addison, D.D.,¹ rector of Milston; his mother Jane, daughter of Dr. Nathaniel Gulston, and sister of William Gulston, Bishop of Bristol. Lancelot's abilities were above the average; he wrote with fluency and point; and he held the political views fashionable with his order, when the right divine of kings to govern wrong was the doctrine favoured at Court. Therefore, though he had only a living of 120*l.* a year when he took unto himself a wife, he could look forward with some confidence to rising in his profession. And promotion was not long in coming. In 1675 he was made a Prebendary of Salisbury and Chaplain in Ordinary to the king; in 1683 he became Dean of Lichfield; next year he was collated to the Archdeaconry of Coventry; and after the Revolution he might have been a bishop but for the tenacity with which he clung to his High-Church principles.

The first school which Joseph Addison attended was at Amesbury, the second at Salisbury, and the third at Lichfield. From Lichfield he was sent to London to the Charterhouse, then considered inferior to Westminster alone of all the schools in England. The master was a fine scholar, and under him Addison acquired an unusually

¹ Lancelot Addison was not a Doctor of Divinity when Joseph was born. It was in 1675 that he was made doctor.

wide acquaintance with classical authors, especially with the Latin poets, and acquired also more than a knack of Latin verse-making.

At the Charterhouse began the lifelong friendship between Addison and Steele. RICHARD STEELE, whose father was an Irish attorney, was born in Dublin in 1672. He was probably born in March; we know that he was christened on the 12th of that month. Before little Dick was five he lost his father; and in the "Tatler" we have a very touching account of his mother's grief and his own insensibility to the calamity which had befallen him. He says:—

"The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa;' for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me in a flood of tears papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since."¹

On November 17, 1684, Steele was nominated to the Charterhouse by the Duke of Ormond, probably through the influence of his uncle, Henry Gascoigne, who was the Duke's confidential agent. There is no account of the lad's school-life, except the purely conjectural account given by Thackeray:—

¹ "Tatler," No. 181.

"I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging-block. . . . Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory engagements with the neighbouring lollipop-vendors and piemen; exhibited an early fondness and capacity for drinking mum and sack, and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend."¹

In 1687 Addison proceeded to Oxford, carrying thither "a classical taste and a stock of learning which would have done Addison at honour to a Master of Arts."² He was entered at Oxford. Queen's College, where he had resided for about two years, when a Latin poem of his on the accession of King William happened to fall into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards Provost of Queen's, who was so struck with the excellence of the versification that he procured for the writer election into Magdalen College as a demy.³ Addison took his Master's degree in 1693; he was elected probationary fellow in 1697, and full fellow next year.

At Oxford Addison cultivated poetry and criticism with care and diligence. His Latin verses were greatly admired. Dr. Johnson says they are "entitled to particular Addison's early writings. praise," and Boileau (who was very sparing of compliments) said that from them he "conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry." At that time Dryden was autocrat of the republic of letters. He stood in

¹ "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century."

² Macaulay.

³ "Demy, a term by which that Society [Magdalen College] denominates those who are elsewhere called *scholars*—young men who partake of the founder's benefaction, and succeed in their order to vacant fellowships."—*Dr. Johnson*.

a position of solitary grandeur, beyond the reach of cavil or of envy, and literary aspirants naturally tried to win a smile from him. Addison complimented him on his translations in a poem which the veteran inserted in "Tonson's Miscellany" (1698). Next year's "Miscellany" contained Addison's own version of the greater part of the Fourth Georgic (that on Bees); it also contained his "Account of the Greatest English Poets"—

"A short account of all the Muse-posessed,
That down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes."

This is merely the work of a clever young man, who has not fully mastered his subject, nor attained unto independent judgment. According to Pope (whose testimony, however, is not worth much), Addison had not read Spenser when he wrote, and his criticisms are mere echoes of the criticisms of the French classical school. Shakespeare is not mentioned: Dryden and Congreve are the great dramatists. As for Chaucer,

"Age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language and obscured his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolished strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain."

Spenser "amused a barbarous age,"

"But now the mystic tale that pleased of yore
Can charm an understanding age no more."

In 1697 appeared Dryden's translation of Virgil, for which Addison wrote an Essay on the Georgics and the arguments to most of the books of the *Æneid*. Dryden was profuse in praises of the "most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford." "After his Bees," said the old man, "my later swarm is scarcely worth hiving." Probably through Dryden or Ton-

son, Addison became acquainted with Congreve, who introduced him to Charles Montague (afterwards Lord Halifax), then leader of the Whigs in the House of Commons. At the suggestion of Montague (or perhaps of Lord Chancellor Somers) the young man wrote in 1695 an "Address to King William," a work not much less truthful nor much less tedious than a thousand other complimentary poems. Of a much higher order were the Latin verses on the "Peace of Ryswick." "Rag" Smith¹ said they were the best "since the *Æneid*," and Johnson is willing to admit that they are "vigorous and elegant."

The leading politicians of both parties were beginning to realise the potentialities of the press. The newspaper was in its infancy and reporting was unborn; hence the most eloquent speech could only affect those who heard it. Pamphlets and other ephemeral publications were therefore the chief means of influencing public opinion, and the men who could write them well were certain of being warmly welcomed and richly rewarded by the chiefs of either party. Ministers like Oxford and Bolingbroke composed tracts instead of addressing meetings, and the greatest authors of the age of Anne—Swift, Addison, Defoe, Steele, and Prior—joined in the political strife.

Montague saw in Addison one whose pen would be of use to the Whigs, and tried to enlist his services, but he, the son and grandson of a clergyman, looked upon the Church as his destiny. His own inclinations prompted him to tread in the steps of his father. He was a man of unaffected piety, and his manners were grave; he was described late in life as a "parson in a tie-wig;"² and Pope's spiteful suggestion that Addison after

¹ Edmund Smith, a poet and scholar, nicknamed Captain Rag at Oxford on account of his slovenly dress.

² A tie-wig was only worn by laymen.

resigning office meant to take orders and become a bishop would not have been made if it were inherently improbable. Still Addison's high sense of the responsibilities of a clergyman, and diffidence in his own ability to discharge them, combined with Montague's persuasion, induced him to relinquish the idea of entering the Church. His powerful friends, probably intending that he should be employed in the diplomatic service, procured for him a pension of 300*l.* a year. On the strength of this he set out on his travels in the autumn of 1699. After spending over a year in France to perfect himself in the French language, he went to Italy. His sojourn on classic ground was full of interest, for his acquaintance with classic writers being wide and minute he was able to compare the appearance of each place he visited with the description given of it by the Roman poets. A man who is interested himself can hardly fail to interest others; consequently the "Remarks on Italy" which Addison published after his return to England, "though a while neglected, became in time so much the favourite of the public that before the book was reprinted it rose to five times its price."¹ In December, 1701, while crossing the Alps on the way to Geneva, he composed his "Letter to Lord Halifax," perhaps the best of his English poems. At Geneva he heard that William III. was dead. The death of the king was a misfortune to Addison, for it destroyed his prospect of employment in the public service and put an end to his pension. About his subsequent movements there is some doubt. Swift says he became "travelling tutor to a squire," but perhaps the statement is not seriously meant, and it certainly lacks corroboration. We know that Addison rambled over a great part of Switzerland and Germany; that in the course of his wanderings he composed the "Dialogue on Medals;"² that

¹ Johnson.² Not published till 1721.

he reached his native land towards the end of 1703, and that for more than a year his circumstances were so straitened as to call for all his philosophy.

But after the battle of Blenheim the tide turned. Marlborough's success was a splendid vindication of the policy of the ministers, and in order that the victory might have its full effect on the public mind they wanted it celebrated in fitting verse. Unable to find a poet, Lord Godolphin, the Treasurer, applied to Lord Halifax, who named Addison, but insisted that application should be made to him in the most courteous manner. No less a person than the Chancellor of the Exchequer therefore waited upon the needy man of letters. Up three pairs of stairs, in a shabby room above a small shop in the Haymarket, Addison was found by the "emissary from Government and Fortune." Like a good Whig the poet readily consented. He set about "The Campaign" at once, and when he had proceeded as far as the "simile of the angel" ¹ his work was shown to the Treasurer. "Addison left off at a good moment. That simile was pronounced to be one of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vice

The turn
of the
tide.

¹ " 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war :
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm,"

Mr. Locke¹ providentially promoted.”² In 1706 the lucky author of “The Campaign” was made Under Secretary of State; in 1708 he was elected member of parliament for Lostwithiel, and next year for Malmesbury, a place which he represented for the rest of his life. In 1708 the Earl of Wharton became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison was appointed Chief Secretary, his young kinsman, Eustace Budgell, getting a place in his office. On reaching Dublin Addison found that “Government and Fortune” had still another gift in store for him—the post of Keeper of the Irish Records.

Meanwhile time had not stood still with Richard Steele. He left the Charterhouse in 1689, and matriculated at Christchurch on March 13, 1690. Burning with military ardour, and acting, as usual, more from impulse than cool reason, he left the university without a degree, and entered the army³ as a cadet or gentleman volunteer. “When,” he said years afterwards, “he mounted a war-horse, with a great sword in his hand, and planted himself behind William III. against Lewis XIV., he lost the succession to a very good estate⁴ in the county of Wexford, in Ireland, from the same humour which he has preserved ever since of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune.”⁵

In December, 1694, Mary II. died, and elegies in plenty were produced with the other funeral mummeries. Trooper Steele as Steele was not much of a poet, but he had a genuine admiration for the king, and he lamented the untimely end of the poor queen in a poem called “The Procession.” He dedicated his performance to Lord Cutts, a dashing cavalry officer, then colonel of the Coldstream

¹ John Locke, the philosopher, who died on Oct. 28, 1704.

² Thackeray, “English Humourists.”

³ There is some doubt about the regiment which he joined.

⁴ Probably his uncle Gascoigne’s. ⁵ The “Theatre.”

Guards. The choice of a patron was fortunate, for soon afterwards we find Steele in Cutts's household, then an ensign in his regiment, and finally, through his influence, a captain in Lord Lucas's Fusileers.

It was to Lord Cutts that Steele also dedicated his first prose work, "The Christian Hero, an argument proving that no Principles but those of Religion are sufficient to make a great Man." This was published in April, 1701, and here is the author's modest account of its origin :—

"He first became an author when an ensign of the Guards, a way of life exposed to much irregularity; and being thoroughly convinced of many things of which he often repented, and which he more often repeated, he writ, for his own private use, a little book called 'The Christian Hero,' with a design principally to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures. This secret admiration was too weak; he therefore printed the book with his name, in hopes that a standing testimony against himself and the eyes of the world (that is to say, of his acquaintance) upon him in a new light would make him ashamed of understanding and seeming to feel what was virtuous and living so contrary a life."¹

We must not, from the honest soldier's vigorous self-condemnation, conclude (as some have done) that he was worse than his neighbours. He was, in fact, better than many of them because he was dissatisfied with the life he lived, and strove (with slips and falls, it is true) to reach a higher ideal. His gay spirits sometimes betrayed him into convivial excesses, but in those days fondness for the bottle was hardly reckoned a failing, or, if a failing, it was considered one that leaned on virtue's side.

"The Christian Hero" met a ready sale, a second edition being called for in three months, but though the work pleased the public, it did not please Steele's fellow-officers, and the

¹ Steele's "Apology for himself and his writings."

popular boon companion with whom everyone was willing to drink or play cards was shunned as a prig prone to preaching "The and virtue. To regain his reputation as an agreeable Funeral." fellow he wrote a comedy which he called "The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode." In the choice of characters and invention of incidents he showed decided originality, while the humour is rich and natural. One scene in particular has been selected for warm admiration by such incomparable judges as Sydney Smith and Thackeray. And the play is as noteworthy in its moral as in its literary aspect; it is witty without being obscene, and when we remember the licentious character of the comedies which had held the stage since the Restoration, we shall see that in daring to turn the laugh on the side of virtue Steele showed taste as well as courage.

"The Funeral" was produced at the end of 1701, with a success which proved that playgoers would not hanker after "The Ly- the flesh-pots if manna were provided for them. ing Lover." Two years later Steele's second comedy, "The Lying Lover," was produced. It was written with a high purpose, but the lectures with which it was plentifully interlarded were not to the fancy of audiences, and were indeed essentially undramatic in spirit. The play was, as its author afterwards told the House of Commons, "damned for its piety."

In April, 1705, "The Tender Husband" was placed upon the stage. It was not so conspicuous a success as "The Funeral," nor so conspicuous a failure as "The Lying Lover." "The Tender Husband." Addison had added some touches to it, and Steele, with his usual readiness to pay all debts (except debts of money), said that the "most applauded strokes" were due to his friend.

In 1706 Steele was appointed a gentleman-in-waiting to Prince George of Denmark, the queen's husband, and next year he was made editor of the official "Gazette." It was probably

in 1706 also that he married his first wife, Mrs. Margaret Stretch, widow. She was the sister and heiress of a Barbadoes planter, and when she died she left her property to her husband. Steele's second wife was Mary, daughter of Jonathan Scurlock, deceased, of Llangunnor, near Carmarthen. She would on her mother's death inherit property "better than 400*l.* per annum," while her husband reckoned his plantation and his places as worth 1,025*l.* a year. With such an income a careful couple could have made a very respectable figure in the world, but Steele's sanguine arithmetic convinced him that something far higher was well within his means. He took a house in one of the most fashionable quarters of London and another at Hampton Wick; his wife's chariot was drawn by two, and sometimes even by four, horses; he provided her with a nag to ride on and an array of servants. The unfortunate part of the business was that his creditors calculated with quite a different arithmetic from his, and the means which the hopeful, shiftless man adopted to get out of his difficulties only plunged him deeper in. He came to know by experience what an execution meant; he sometimes had to keep away from home to avoid arrest for debt; and it is said that he once made bailiff's pass for his servants, much as Goldsmith afterwards caused Honeywood to do in "The Good-natured Man." Notwithstanding Steele's improvidence and some tendency on the part of Mrs. Steele to lecture—for which it must be owned she had ample excuse—their union was a happy one. In days when it was unfashionable to love a wife (unless she belonged to some one else) he gave her all the warmth of his affectionate heart, and she seems to have repaid him with a true woman's devotion. In dedicating to her the third volume of the "Lady's Library" (after eight years of wedded life) he says:—

"It is impossible for me to look back on many evils and pains

which I have suffered since we came together, without a pleasure which is not to be expressed, from the proofs I have had in those circumstances of your unwearied goodness. How often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head! how often anguish from my afflicted heart! With how skilful patience have I known you comply with the vain projects which pain has suggested, to have an aching limb removed by journeying from one side of a room to another! how often, the next instant, travelled the same ground again, without telling your patient it was to no purpose to change his situation! If there are such beings as guardian angels, thus are they employed. I will no more believe one of them more good in its inclinations, than I can conceive it more charming in its form, than my wife.

"But I offend, and forget that what I say to you is to appear in public. You are so great a lover of home, that I know it will be irksome to you to go into the world even in an applause. I will end this without so much as mentioning your little flock, or your own amiable figure at the head of it. That I think them preferable to all other children, I know is the effect of passion and instinct; that I believe you the best of wives, I know proceeds from experience and reason."

A year and a half after his second marriage Steele took a step which marks an epoch in our literature. On April 12, The 1709, he published the first number of the "Tatler." "Tatler." Newspapers were then in their infancy. The first daily newspaper was only started in 1702. It was as large as half a sheet of foolscap, and was printed only on one side—so that there should be less to read! The few papers which existed contained little information—very little that was trustworthy. Except in a limited measure in Defoe's "Review," there was no attempt at grace of style and none at the formation of public opinion. To render his undertaking more attractive Defoe had added to it a section called "The Scandal Club," in which questions of "divinity, morals, war, language, love, and marriage" were agitated. Here we have a faint suggestion of the "Tatler," but Steele contemplated something vastly superior to aught that had been tried before. He was

not going to discard news altogether; his position as Gazetteer gave him command over early and accurate intelligence, and news would therefore form a feature of the paper; but, in addition, art, literature, and the drama, conduct, morals, and fashion would be discussed; and the "fair sex" would not be forgotten, for it was in honour of them that the title was invented.

There was then flourishing in London a shoemaker, stargazer, and quack, named Partridge, who used to publish an almanac filled with vague predictions. To get some

Isaac
Bicker-
staff.

fun at the expense of this charlatan and of the public, Swift, writing in the character of an imaginary Isaac Bickerstaff, astrologer, published an almanac containing some forecasts of the usual indefinite kind, and containing also some definite announcements, the first of which was that on a given day and hour Partridge would die. Other wits took up the idea and treated it in various whimsical ways, and the sport was heightened by Partridge's frantic efforts to prove that he was not dead. Thus the name of Bickerstaff was in everybody's mouth, and Steele adopted it in the writing of the "Tatler." The old astrologer speaks in the first person, and most of the papers profess to be by him, though his sister, Jenny Distaff, sometimes wields the pen, and his familiar, Pacolet, is occasionally introduced.

The "Tatler" was not a party organ, although Steele was so ardent a politician that he found it impossible now and then to avoid giving his speculations a Whig complexion. The periodical appeared every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and was published at a penny. Its success was great and immediate. Spence says that Steele ascribed this to the publication of early and accurate news. But Spence was probably misinformed; for, as time went on, the news grew less and less, and yet the popularity of the paper did not abate.

Details
of the
"Tatler."

Addison was in Ireland when the "Tatler" was started, and knew nothing of Steele's project. Indeed, it was only when Addison saw in No. 6 a remark which he had himself made to Steele about Virgil's judicious choice of epithets that he suspected his friend Dick's connection with the undertaking. Addison's own hand first appears "Tatler." in No. 18; but only after No. 80 (that is, after his return from Ireland) did his contributions become regular.

Macaulay (who confesses that he is bound to Addison "by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be compared to which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a son between Ad- hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey") dison and says that the fifty or sixty numbers of the "Tatler" Steele. written by his idol "were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share." Steele (who was as ready as Macaulay himself to exalt one of the writers of the "Tatler" at the expense of the other) says:—

"I have only one gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary: when I had once called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him."¹

The late Mr. John Forster impugned the justice of Macaulay's estimate of Steele with enthusiasm and, it must be added, with success. After giving many instances of humour, pathos, and enlightened criticism from the earlier numbers of the paper, he says:—

"Have we not here what gave life to the 'Tatler'? Have we

¹ Preface to the "Tatler," vol. iv.

not the sprightly father of the English essay, writing at the first even as he wrote to the last—out of a true and honest heart sympathising with all things good and true; already master of his design in beginning it, and able to stand without help if the need should be? In his easy chair we shall hereafter see Mr. Bickerstaff, amid the rustling of hoop-petticoats, the fluttering of fans, and the obeisance of flowing perukes. But what here for the present we see is the critic and philosopher, Steele, more wise and not less agreeable; who, in an age that faction brutalised and profligacy debased, undertook the censorship of manners, and stamped at once upon the work he invented a genius as original as delightful.”¹

Leigh Hunt, too, says that he prefers Steele, with all his faults, to Addison, with all his essays. Nevertheless, it is foolish to speak as if the praise of one implied dispraise of the other: each had great and characteristic merits, and though Addison was on the whole decidedly superior as a writer, Steele in some respects excelled him. Addison’s humour was equable, Steele’s fitful; Addison burned with a steady glow, Steele sometimes burst into intense flame, sometimes sank into a flicker. Steele’s conception of woman was far higher than Addison’s:² Steele could worship her; Addison behaved to her as a polished gentleman, but one can sometimes detect half contempt lurking behind the smile which plays upon his features as he notes her little weaknesses. Finally, Steele could originate and Addison elaborate.

Nine months after the “Tatler” was begun, Steele’s services to his party were rewarded with the appointment of Commissioner of Stamps, and he was allowed to retain this “Tatler.” office after the fall of the Whigs, though with the accession of the Tories to power he lost his post of Gazetteer. Soon afterwards (on January 2, 1711) he surprised his readers—surprised even Addison—by announcing that the number

¹ “Quarterly Review,” vol. xvi. p. 522.

² It was Steele who said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings (“Tatler,” No. 49) that to love her was a liberal education.

of the "Tatler" issued that day (No. 271) would be the last. The reason he gives is highly characteristic. Speaking in his own name, he says his purpose had been "to recommend truth, innocence, honour and virtue as the chief ornaments of life;" and as he considered "severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others," he chose to "talk in a mask." He proceeds:—

"I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man; but at the same time must confess my life is at best but pardonable. And with no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a freedom of spirit that would have lost both its beauty and efficacy had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele."¹

Equally characteristic is the acknowledgment of Addison's help. "The most approved pieces" in the "Tatler" "were written by others," and by himself those which had been "most excepted against." The hand that had assisted him in certain "noble discourses" on religious subjects was a person who was too fondly his friend ever to own them; "the finest strokes of wit and humour" were also due to the same hand. Steele's generous dispraise of himself has injured his fame, the honest fellow's modest estimate of himself being taken as his true worth. He is often thought of as a mere appendage of Addison.

With the fall of the Whigs Addison lost his place as Irish Secretary, but his personal popularity suffered no diminution.

Of the howls which were directed against the ministry that had humbled the most powerful monarch in Europe, saved Holland and Germany, and placed England in the first rank, the modest, gentle humourist had no share. At the general election he was returned without opposition. Swift, writing to Stella,

Addison
after the
fall of the
Whigs.

¹ "Tatler," No. 271.

says: "Mr. Addison's election passed easy and undisputed, and I believe that if he had a mind to be king he would hardly be refused." Just at this time misfortunes came crowding on the ex-secretary's head. In a letter to Mr. Wortley (dated July 21, 1711) he says:—

"I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of 2,000*l.* per annum [that of Chief Secretary], an estate in the Indies of 14,000*l.*, and, what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place [as Keeper of the Records] from me too, to which I must add that I have just resigned my fellowship, and that the Stocks sink every day."

The estate referred to must have been that left by Gulston Addison, who, through his brother's help, had been made governor of Madras. Gulston died in 1709, leaving his wealth to Joseph, but most of the property stuck to the fingers of the lawyers and trustees. The mistress was a "perverse beautiful widow," the Countess of Warwick. She appears to have been willing to listen to his suit when he had position, power, and riches, but now that his chief endowment was only a capacity to write brilliant "Tatlers" she would not hear him.

The Tories having become, like their opponents, conscious of the growing power of the press, had started the "Examiner," with Swift as the chief writer. To place the other side of the question before the public Examiner." Addison during the election published the "Whig Examiner." When it was dropped Swift recorded with pleasure that it was "down among the dead men."¹ "He might well rejoice," says Dr. Johnson, "at the death of that which he could not have killed. Every reader of every party, since personal malice is past, and the papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, must wish for

¹ The burden of what was then a popular Tory song.

more of the 'Whig Examiners,' for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear."

After the death of the "Tatler" "the censorship of Great Britain remained in commission" for two months. Then came

the birth of the "Spectator." The first number of the
 The "Spec. e new periodical appeared on March 1, 1711. The old
 "Spectator," astrologer, Isaac Bickerstaff, gave place to the Spec-

tator, whose portrait, drawn with much care by Addison, is contained in No. 1. To permit greater variety of treatment than had been possible in the "Tatler," the club was invented, and the second number contains rapid but vigorous sketches of the members by Steele. The announcement that the periodical would appear daily created considerable astonishment, for it was doubted whether the resources of the writers would prove equal to the constant demand upon them. The doubt was not justified; during a year and three-quarters the "Spectator" presented its readers with essays, characters, tales, visions and criticisms—with humour, wit, and pathos—with grave themes on the most solemn subjects, and brilliant banter on the most trifling, in a profusion like nature's own, ever beautiful and ever new.

The first week placed the success of the paper beyond doubt; in No. 10 the conductors were able to announce that

the circulation had already reached three thousand,
 The suc- —a very large circulation considering the narrow
 cess of the "Specta- limits of the cultured class to which alone the "Spec-
 tor." tator" appealed. Fourteen thousand copies of No. 384

were sold; when a stamp duty was placed on newspapers the "Spectator" survived almost alone; and in No. 555 Steele could state that of the four volumes of collected numbers then issued nine thousand copies each had been sold, at a guinea a volume.

On December 6, 1712, after reaching five hundred and fifty-five numbers, the "Spectator" stopped without warning, though careful readers must have been prepared for the end, as Sir Roger had been killed and Will Honeycomb married, Captain Sentrey had taken possession of his inheritance, Sir Andrew Freeport was going to retire, and the Templar to study law. In the last number Steele speaks of the various contributors to the "Spectator." Of the chief contributor he says:—

"All the papers marked with a *C*, an *L*, an *I*, or an *O*, that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the muse *CLIO*, were given me by the gentleman of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of my 'Tatlers.' I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued friendship than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished 'The Tender Husband' I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of 'The Monument,' in memory of our friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here were as honorary to that sacred name as learning, wit, and humanity render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his. When the play above mentioned was last acted there were so many applauded strokes in it which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I had never publicly acknowledged them."¹

On March 12, 1713, Steele issued the first number of the "Guardian," another daily paper which he had projected. It ran to a hundred and seventy-five numbers and ended suddenly on October 1, apparently from some quarrel with Tonson, the publisher. It did not have nor did it deserve the success of its predecessors. It did not possess the novelty of the "Tatler," and its plan did not admit of the variety of the "Spectator;" furthermore, it had run a third of its course before Addison began to contribute to it.

¹ "Spectator," No. 555.

When the earlier numbers were appearing Addison was busy preparing his "Cato" for the stage. It was produced with much applause on April 14, and had what was "Cato." then an amazing run of twenty nights. Addison could never have been a great poet, still less a great playwright, and his native powers were fettered by the rules of the "classical" school then supreme in France, and almost suprême in England. "Cato" has many lines and phrases which catch the ear; the versification is dignified and the unities are preserved, but it lacks the merit without which all other merits are vain—it lacks the dramatic spirit, and the cause of its success was political rather than literary. The whole nation was "on fire with faction;" in a play which dealt with the Rome of Cato audiences saw constant references to the England of Anne; "the Whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned as a satire on the Tories, and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt." ¹ Pope, who furnished a fine prologue for the piece, was present at the first representation, of which he gives a lively account:—

"Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible had been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author said of another may the most properly be applied to him on this occasion :

'Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,

And factions strive who shall applaud him most.'

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case, too, with the prologue-writer, who was clapped into a staunch Whig at the end of every two lines. I believe you have heard that, after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledg-

¹ Johnson.

ment, as he expressed it, for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same, Cato very speedily; in the meantime they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side; so betwixt them it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon after he dies."¹

The commotion in the theatre was only a picture in little of the turmoil in the nation. The queen could not live for ever, and she had no child left to succeed her; the Tories were plotting almost openly to place the Old Pretender on the throne; the Whigs were striving to secure the peaceful succession of a Protestant prince, and keen observers predicted civil war as imminent. Steele smelled the battle afar off, and, eager to rush into the fray untrammelled, he resigned his place as Commissioner of Stamps and his pension as gentleman-in-waiting, though neither place nor pension implied political allegiance to the ministry. He then started the "Englishman," which was openly Whig, and he attacked the Government vigorously in a pamphlet called "The Crisis," which obtained for him the honour of expulsion from the House of Commons. But the best laid schemes of mice and statesmen gang aft agley, and the sudden death of Anne disconcerted the Tory plans. The Elector of Hanover succeeded quietly; Addison was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices, who conducted the government till the arrival of the king; the Whigs were triumphant at the general election; the Earl of Sunderland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison again went to Dublin as Chief Secretary, again taking Budgell with him; Steele was made surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton Court, magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the county of Middlesex, and patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, a post worth a thousand a year. In 1715, on

¹ Letter to Sir William Trumbull, April 30, 1713.

the presentation by the Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex of a loyal address to the king, penned by Steele, honest Dick became Sir Richard; and in 1716, after the suppression of the Jacobite rebellion, he was made a Commissioner of Forfeited Estates in Scotland.

Meanwhile Addison had tried to revive the "Spectator," Three times a week, from June 18 to December 20, 1714, the paper had appeared under the old name, with some Addison of the old spirit and none of the old success. Of the Secretary of State. eighty numbers Addison himself only contributed about a quarter and Steele none. In 1715 Addison gave up his secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade, and on December 23 of that year he began to issue the "Freeholder," a kind of political "Spectator," in which he used all his resources of wit, humour, and calm reasoning to prove that freedom, religion, trade, and commerce would flourish best under a Protestant king. The paper appeared every Friday and Monday till June 29, 1716, when the last number (No. 55) was published. A little more than a month afterwards (on August 3) Addison was wedded to the Countess of Warwick, to whom he had so long paid court. Johnson says:—"The lady was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found nor made them equal." There seems no proof beyond "uncontradicted report" in support of Johnson's statement, while there is some positive proof to the contrary. In April, 1717, Addison's old chief, the Earl of Sunderland, became Prime Minister, and he himself one of the Secretaries of State. He held the post for eleven months, and then resigned in consequence of ill health.

In 1719 the life-long friendship between Addison and

Steele suffered interruption. The Earl of Sunderland had set his heart on the carrying of a bill for limiting the number of peers. The passing of it would have been a temporary service to the ministry, but the measure was based on a false principle, and it was consequently opposed by many good Whigs, among others by Sir Richard Steele, who wrote against the proposal in a paper called the "Plebeian." Addison was asked by his ancient superior to state the other side of the case, and he consequently replied in the "Old Whig." Upon this discussion Johnson remarks:—

"Every reader surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years passed in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Such a controversy was *bellum plusquam civile*, as Lucan expresses it. Why could not faction find other advocates?"¹

While the controversy on the Peerage Bill was raging, the hand of death was upon Addison. He had been asthmatic for some time, and the disease was now complicated with dropsy. With the calm courage of one who could look on the past without regret and on the future without fear he prepared for the end. He sent for the poet Gay to ask his forgiveness for a wrong which he had done to him, and for the dissipated Earl of Warwick, his wife's son, to see in what peace a Christian could die. To this Tickell refers when he says:—

"He taught us how to live, and (Oh! too high
The price of knowledge) taught us how to die."

It was on June 17, 1719, that Addison's gentle spirit passed away. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and "in our own time" a statue was erected to him in Poets' Corner. "Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied

¹ "Lives of the Poets."

statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due above all to the great satirist who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy and virtue by fanaticism.”¹

Addison's Of Addison's service to literature no better service to account can be given than in the words of Dr. Johnson:—

“It is justly observed by Tickell that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character ‘above all Greek, above all Roman fame.’ No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separating mirth from indecency and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness, and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having ‘turned many to righteousness.’”²

It need only be added that to a fair share of this high praise Steele also is justly entitled.

When the Peerage Bill was under discussion the Duke of Newcastle was Lord Chamberlain, and he (with a meanness of spirit which in any other man would have been extraordinary, but which in his grace was only ordinary) punished Steele's opposition by depriving him of his Drury Lane patent. The licence was, however, restored in May, 1721, through the good offices of Walpole. Next year

¹ Macaulay.

² “Lives of the Poets.”

Steele produced the most successful of all his comedies, "The Conscious Lovers." He dedicated it to the king, who sent him a present of 500*l*. This was but as a drop in the bucket, for debts like curses come home to roost, and pecuniary difficulties, the result of a life's improvidence, were crowding thick around poor Steele. He left London, first for Bath, then for Hereford, and lastly for Llangunnor, which had come to him from his wife.¹ He died at Carmarthen on September 1, 1729, and three days later he was buried in St. Peter's Church in that town. "Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle: let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness."²

Two of the papers in this edition of the *de Coverley* Essays were written by EUSTACE BUDGEELL. His father was

the Rev. Gilbert Budgeell, D.D., of St. Thomas, near Exeter; his mother was Mary, the daughter of

Gulston, Bishop of Bristol, and consequently the niece of Addison's mother. Eustace, after passing through school and university with more than fair reputation, came to London to study law, and by the help of his kinsman obtained easy access to the best literary society. The young man had much to recommend him, a pleasing person, elegant manners, fashionable dress, in addition to a good knowledge of the classics, and of French, Italian, and English authors. Events had not yet proved that his vanity was stronger than his virtue. Partly by his own abilities, and partly by the help of his "cousin," he rose rapidly in the public service, till in 1717 we find him Accountant and Controller-General of Irish Revenue. Next year he reached the turning-point in his life. The Duke of Bolton came to Dublin as Lord Lieutenant, bringing with him a favourite of his own as Chief Secretary.

¹ Lady Steele had died in 1718.

² Thackeray.

Budgell thought the post should have been given to himself, and he attacked the favourite in a violent pamphlet. Not content with this folly, he wrote a second pamphlet in which he did not spare the Duke, who was highly offended and obtained his dismissal. The angry man returned to England, consulted Addison and received sage advice, which, of course, he did not follow. The steps in his downward career need not be traced in detail. The more he tried to recover his lost position, or to obtain fresh employment in the public service, the more enemies he made. At last, despairing of success in this direction, he took to gambling in stocks and lost nearly all his property.¹ Then he tried to live by his pen. In the days of his prosperity he had written with applause in the "Tatler," the "Spectator," and the "Guardian," but nothing that he wrote in the days of his distress is remembered now except the "Bee"—and the will of Dr. Toland. Dr. Toland was a well-known Deist. He was possessed of about two thousand pounds which he had expressed his intention of leaving to a favourite nephew. The surprise was therefore general when it was found that his little fortune was bequeathed to Budgell, and people did not hesitate to say that the will was a forgery. It is to this that Pope alludes in the Prologue to the satires:—

"Let Budgell charge low Grub Street² on my quill
And write whate'er he please—except my will."

The unhappy man's fortune, reputation, and self-respect were now lost for ever, so he determined to commit suicide. On May 4, 1737, he threw himself into the Thames, leaving on his desk a piece of paper whereon he had written—

"What Cato did and Addison approved³
Cannot be wrong."

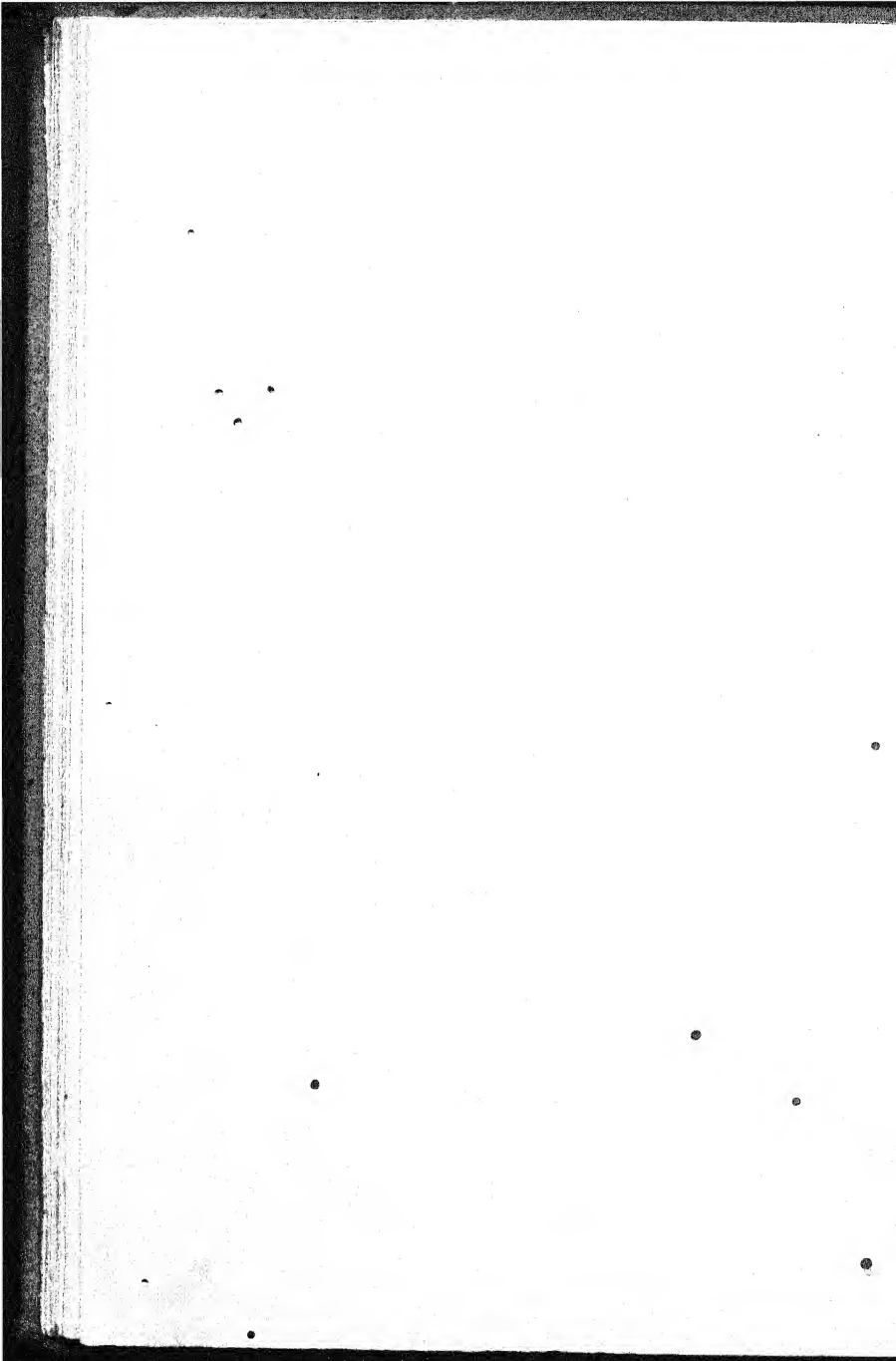
¹ His father had left him 950*l.* a year.

² Budgell had accused Pope of writing in the "Grub Street Journal."

³ It need hardly be said that Addison did not approve of suicide, though facts made him cause Cato to die by his own hand in the play.

The style of Budgell "is often a very happy imitation of Addison's manner; if it possesses not all the mellowness and sweetness of the original it is sweet, unaffected and clear, and in general more correct and rounded than the diction of Steele. . . . That he entered with perfect accuracy into the conception and keeping of a character so original as that of Sir Roger de Coverley is the still greater merit of Budgell. . . . His description of the hunt in No. 116 . . . is a picture that one would not exchange for volumes of mediocrity."¹

¹ Dr. Nathan Drake: "Essays Biographical, Critical, and Historical, illustrative of the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' and 'Guardian,'" vol. iii., p. 19.



THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat. Hon.

His flash ends not in smoke; but out of smoke
He gives such light as brings forth dazzling miracles.

I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There

runs a story in the family, that my mother dreamt that she had brought forth a judge; whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favour my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my school-master, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well*. I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An

insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me: of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Hay Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of

mankind, than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of an husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them: as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets: though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I

shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

THE SPECTATOR.

LONDON, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1710-11.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

CHAPTER I.

SIR ROGER AND THE CLUB.

Ast alii sex,
Et plures, uno conclamant ore——. Juv.

Six besides—
And more—join the consenting voice.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful

widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster." But being ill used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess to love him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of

any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way

of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation: and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentrey, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a

soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself,—the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: "for," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him:" therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who according to his years should be in the

decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world: as other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabell, the rogue, cheated me in that affair: that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks

of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to: he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

CHAPTER II.

COVERLEY HALL.

Hinc tibi copia
 Manabit ad plenum, benigno
 Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. Hor.

Here to thee
 Shall heap'd-up plenty flow, to crown th' abundance
 Of the peaceful plain.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance: as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of

the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with the mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning,

of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humourist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University, to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, and sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it: I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is

every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them : if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us ; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example ; and, instead of wasting their

spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

CHAPTER III.

THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD.

*Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocarunt æterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.* PHEDR.

To Esop, though a slave, the Athenians raised
A giant statue on a stedfast base,
To show that Honour's path is spread for all.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom, and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing: on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a

great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together, and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependents lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favours, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants: he has ever been of opinion that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly

upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life,—I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is

something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One night, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes; and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family, and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his

favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty séat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COVERLEY GUEST.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.

PHLEDR.

Breathless without cause; busy doing nothing.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

“ Sir Roger,—I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you

all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a may-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them

how they wear. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old Knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of

wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or a merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however

improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

CHAPTER V.

THE COVERLEY LINEAGE.

Abnormis sapiens. Hor.

Unschool'd, but wise.

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the pictures, and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus

the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader: besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrances of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot: he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy: however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and, with a gentle trot, he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals) and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court: you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt Yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next

picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist: my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife, she brought ten children, and, when I show you the library, you shall see, in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language), the best receipt now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

“If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there: observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world: he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do

with him, but never said a rude thing in his life: the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it: but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honour I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

- Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner. "This man" (pointing to him I looked at) "I take to be the honour of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be

exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth: all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbours."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COVERLEY GHOST.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent. VIRG.

The all-pervading horror, the silence itself, terrify the soul.

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being Who supplies the wants of His whole creation, and Who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and

down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance:—"The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet, let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have

construed into a black horse without an head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The Knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the report of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless: could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I

cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COVERLEY SABBATH.

Ἀθαρτάους μὲν πρῶτα θεός, νόμος ὡς δίδκεται,
Τιμῶ. PYTHAG.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Pray!

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the

'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church,—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his

chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR ROGER IN LOVE.

Hærent infixi pectore vultus. Virg.

Her looks are indelibly engraven on his heart.

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth: which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not

displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

“I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court, with such a pretty

uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures, that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship: she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as

made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature—— But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary

speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that passage of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
 Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
 Cenat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
 Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
 Scriberet hesternâ patri cûm luce salutem,
 Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen, ave.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
 Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
 Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
 Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute;
 He writ to his father, ending with this line,
 "I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

CHAPTER IX.

THE COVERLEY ECONOMY.

Paupertatis pudor et fuga. HOR.

The shame of appearing poor.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behaviour in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him: and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit, is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer

hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty, but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be

his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelve month charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbours, whose ways of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessities, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himself a labourer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression, have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it: but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessities would have been before.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if according to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would

resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities.

It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbour, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley,

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love!

CHAPTER X.

THE COVERLEY HUNT.

Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes. VIRGIL.

The hounds of Taygetus, and ferocious echoes of Cithæron invite.

HAD not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has

been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty: and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man, in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and which the Knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the Knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and

woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction's sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the Widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers, that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of these vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed, the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate

friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalise himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest, and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the Knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flu'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,
Each under each: a cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the

chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmer's sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod, or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss was gone that way. Upon my answering "Yes," he immediately called in the dogs and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying "Stole away!"

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the picture of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forward, or in hunter's language, "Flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my

station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: if they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry "In view." I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the

huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

For my own part I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden:—

The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strong the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made His work for man to mend.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COVERLEY WITCH.

Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt. VIRG.

By their own dreams deceived.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary to a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and a crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the

question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions: or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:—

In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcase from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to

conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she would offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy maid does not make her butter come as soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay" (says Sir Roger), "I have known the master of the pack upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communication with the

devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

CHAPTER XII.

A COVERLEY LOVE MATCH.

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo. VING.

The fatal arrow rankles in his side.

This agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the Widow. "This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she does not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly built upon so agreeable an object

must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem: I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her: how often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her confidante.

“Of all persons under the sun” (continued he, calling me by my name), “be sure to set a mark upon confidantes; they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behaviour of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can

prate with one of these attendants of all men in general and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that——”

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, “What, not one smile?” We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger’s master of the game. The Knight whispered me, “Hist, these are lovers.” The huntsman looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream, “O thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature, whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with: but alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish——yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her William: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I’ll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without one smile—it is too much to bear.—” He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he

jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake."

"Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father; I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself; however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her; whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns and I feel a forgotten warmth in my

veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured ; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain. For I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh ; however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants ; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COVERLEY ETIQUETTE.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibee, putavi
 Stultus ego huic nostrae similem. VING.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
 Like Mantua.

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behaviour,

are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the

hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express every thing that had the most remote appearance of being obscene, in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilised words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd

clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good-breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard behaviour and conversation, there is a third, which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaux are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COVERLEY DUCKS.

Jovis omnia plena. VIRGIL.

All things are fill'd with Jove.

My friend Sir Roger is often very merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favourite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon

this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and the ostrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner, that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the fore-mentioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common

sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner; she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is, a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers is an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the Divine energy acting in the creatures.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the step-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed reason, so when we call it instinct, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me it

seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle, in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est anima brutorum*, God himself is the soul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord applies itself to the teat. Dampier, in his Travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

CHAPTER XV.

SIR ROGER ON THE BENCH.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est. PUBL.

A jolly companion on the road is as good as a coach.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; the next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a

greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and goodwill which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence

to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him four-score pounds a year, but he has cast, and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

"As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told them that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceeding of the

court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the Knight's head had hung out upon the

road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the Knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that much might be said on both sides.

These several adventures, with the Knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

CHAPTER XVI.

A STORY OF AN HEIR.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
 Rectique cultus pectora roborant ;
 Utcunque defecere mores,
 Dedecorant bene nata culpæ. Hon.

But Might is refined by Learning,
 And the cultivated mind is strengthened by Virtue ;
 Whilst Vice tarnishes the courtliest mien,
 And defiles the purest blood.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother, that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else ; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers who either from their own

reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel, than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the

whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, "there is no dallying with life") they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would

reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

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be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he

gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have

no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla, too, shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR ROGER AND PARTY SPIRIT.

*Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella :
 Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.* Virg. '

No more, my sons, give up your souls to war,
 Nor 'gainst your Fatherland its terrors turn.

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight being, then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint ! The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane ; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflexions on the mischief that parties do in the country ; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another ; besides that they manifestly

tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of goodness, nature, compassion, and humanity.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations, I have endeavoured, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward show of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockeys and Tory fox-hunters, not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the moneyed interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club.

I find, however, that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bark at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into a house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humour. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week,) I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up nobody knows where of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COVERLEY GIPSIES.

Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto. *Ving.*
Continually collecting spoil and living by plunder.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my

friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants ; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop : but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it ; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey ; our geese cannot live in peace for them ; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it : they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year ; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them ; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them : the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that if I would they should tell us our

fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's proposal, we rode up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the Knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage;" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: my old friend cried "Pish!" and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The Knight still repeated she was an idle baggage and bid her go on. "Ah, master," said the gipsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache: you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing——." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary.

In the height of his good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SUMMONS TO LONDON.

Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ. VIRG.

Once more, ye woods, adieu!

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply; besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I

am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind; whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and, in town, to choose it. In the meantime, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various: some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and, some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here call a "White Witch."

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbour a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the

gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously, when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a Popish priest, among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and holloa and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them, *that it is my way*, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others, without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the mean-

while, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

“Dear Spec,—I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr’ythee don’t send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger’s dairy-maids. Service to the Knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother’s son of us Commonwealth’s men.

“Dear Spec, thine eternally,

“WILL HONEYCOMB.”

CHAPTER XX.

FAREWELL TO COVERLEY HALL.

Qui, aut tempus quid postulat non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur. TULL.

‘He who does not see that he is wasting time, or who is too loquacious and vain-glorious, or who has no regard to the feelings of those present, may be truly called impertinent.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, “Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley’s.” I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office, he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports for the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed

immediately that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion who has fallen asleep, to be the bride-man, and" (giving

the Quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part, that thou hast given me the authogity of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with an happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if

thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence.

The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide

his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," (continued he, turning to the officer,) "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again : but be advised by a plain man : modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

CHAPTER XXI.

SIR ROGER IN LONDON.

*Evo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas. OVID.*

Our rare old Simplicity.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he

told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hemms.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him six-pence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob

and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter, in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Tonchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chinees very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a

piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of a smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?"—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The Knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many

observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the Knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the Knight had got all his conveniences about him.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit, et Ancus. Hon.

Where Numa has gone down, and where Ancus rests from strife.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious

fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good will. Sir Roger told me, further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "And truly," said Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked: as I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner,—"Dr. Busby—a great man! he whipped my grand-

father—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man!”

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, “I wonder,” says he, “that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.”

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince ; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil, and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head ; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger : "you ought to lock up your kings better ; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the Knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our Knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man ; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he

should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubelo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces. Hor.*

Those delineations of life and manners are the most truthful which are copied from the originals themselves.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the Club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the 'Committee,' which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was, and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the Knight with a smile, "I fancied they had

a mind to *hunt* me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the Knight, "if Captain Sentrey will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about

him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus's threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, "These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: "Well," says the Knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stiffness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentrey seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and at the conclusion of it, told me

it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterward Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not dare to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIR ROGER AT VAUXHALL.

Criminibus debent Hortos. Juv.

Gardens by vice maintained.

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next "Spectator," I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good

friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Gardens, in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the stair-case, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the Knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that

we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet ; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe ; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world ; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight !" says Sir Roger ; "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect ; but church work is slow, church work is slow !"

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water ; but to the Knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that Her

Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Gardens, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sang upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the Knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moon-light nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the Widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her. But the Knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the Widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale, and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

CHAPTER XXV.

SIR ROGER, THE WIDOW, WILL HONEYCOMB, AND MILTON.

*Torva læna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam ;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella. VIRG.*

The ravenous lion pursues the wolf, the wolf the goat, and the wanton goat loves the fragrant clover.

As we were at the club last night, I observed my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the Widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunting laugh; "I thought, Knight," says he, "thou hadst

lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

"I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly; that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of good family: I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of

her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughters' consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:—

Oh ! why did God,
 Creator wise ! that peopled highest heav'n
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind ? This mischief had not then befall'n,
 And more that shall befall ; innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And straight conjunction with this sex : for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake :
 Or, whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
 Through her perverseness ; but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse : or if she love, withheld
 By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame ;
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound.

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIR ROGER PASSETH AWAY.

Hen pietas ! hen prisca fides ! *Ving.*

What piety ! What unswerving fidelity !

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the

hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentrey which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

“Honoured Sir,

“Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin,

which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley Church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the

Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum : the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentrey, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindnesses to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since ; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

“Honoured Sir, your most sorrowful Servant,

“EDWARD BISCUIT.”

“P.S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.”

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular

the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentrey informs us, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 1 of the "Spectator," and appeared on March 1, 1711. Though Sir Roger is not even mentioned in it, it is inserted in this edition of the de Coverley Essays in order that the plan of the "Spectator" may be clearly understood.

His flash. The translations of the mottoes did not appear in the daily issues nor in the earlier issues in volumes. They were, however, given in the edition published in 1744.

Black, of a very swarthy complexion.

"To remedy this particular for the future, the doctor got together a great collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, brown, fair, dark, sallow, pale, and ruddy."—*Tatler*, No. 260.

Choleric. From the Greek *χολέρα* (*cholera*), which is derived from *χολή* (*cholē*), bile. The ancients believed that an angry disposition was due to excess of bile. Similarly melancholy was believed to be due to an excess of black bile. *Μέλαν* (*melan*), stem of *μέλας* (*melas*), black. See p. 128, under *humoursome*.

PAGE 2.

Nonage, minority; period during which a person is "not of age."

PAGE 3.

The controversies. In 1638 John Greaves (1602-1652), a mathematician and Oriental scholar and at one time Savilian professor of astronomy in Oxford, visited Egypt in order to study its antiquities. Under the title "Pyramidographia," he published an account of what he had seen. He also published a "Description of the Roman Foot and Denarius." His fame and interest in the subject which he had made his own were revived by the issue in 1706—five years before the "Spectator" appeared—of a posthumous tract by him on "The origin and antiquity of our English weights and measures, discovered by their near agreement with such standards that are now found in one of the Egyptian pyramids." This work attracted a good deal of attention, and provoked some

controversy. The Spectator's imaginary visit to Grand Cairo is again referred to in No. 8, in No. 69, and in No. 159 (the "Vision of Mirzah"). Dr. Percy characterised Addison's very mild satire as "reprehensible."

Will's. Will's Coffee-house, so called from the man who kept it—Will Urwin. "It was in the north-west corner of Russell Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, and included two adjoining houses, one in each street. The old house, No. 21 Russell Street, still standing in 1885 is no doubt one of the original buildings."¹ A hairdresser's business was carried on on the ground floor. The coffee-room was on the first floor. Summer or winter Dryden was to be found there daily, and his custom made the place the great resort of the wits of his time. After the death of Dryden the credit of Will's declined. Steele, in No. 1 of the "Tatler" (April 12, 1709), says: "This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards, and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game."

Child's. Child's Coffee-house, in St. Paul's Church Yard, was much frequented by the clergy, as well as by proctors from the neighbouring Doctors' Commons. The College of Physicians and the Royal Society were also near, and consequently philosophers and doctors were often to be seen at Child's.

"Postman." "The 'Observer' is best to towel the Jacks, the 'Review' is best to promote peace, the 'Flying Post' is best for the Scotch news, the 'Postboy' is best for the English and Spanish news, the 'Daily Courant' is the best critic, the 'English Post' is the best collector, the 'London Gazette' has the best authority, and the 'Postman' is the best for everything."—DUNTON: *Life and Errors* (1705).

St. James's Coffee-house was the last house but one on the south-western side of St. James's Street, and therefore commanded a view of Pall Mall. It was taken down in 1806. It was the chief meeting place of the Whigs. Being near the Palace, the officers of the household troops often used to spend their leisure there. Swift frequented it before he allied himself to the Tories. He once christened the child of Elliot, the man who kept the coffee-house, and afterward "the rogue had a most noble supper," and Steele and Swift sat "among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch." In the "Tatler" all "foreign and domestic news" is dated from St. James's.

Inner room. "I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so much improved by a knot of

¹ Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London," p. 7.

theorists, who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in less than a quarter of an hour."—*Spectator*, No. 403.

The Grecian. The Grecian Coffee-house (so called from its founder, a Greek named Constantine) was in *Devereux Court*, Strand. It was frequented by the learned, among others by men from the neighbouring Temple, and by the fellows of the Royal Society. A dispute that once arose there about a point in Greek led to a duel being fought in the court outside, and to one of the disputants being killed. In the "*Tatler*" all learned disquisitions are dated from the Grecian. Eldon Chambers now stand on the site of the old coffee-house, and its name is perpetuated by the Grecian Chambers at the back.

The Cocoa Tree. When chocolate was first introduced into this country the cocoa-tree was a favourite sign for the houses where it was sold. The frequenters of the Cocoa Tree (which stood on the site of what is now No. 87 St. James's Street) were Tories of the strictest school. Defoe, in his "*Journey through England*," says: "A Whig will no more go to the Cocoa Tree than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee-house of St. James's." The Cocoa Tree Club (now 64 St. James's Street) is a lineal descendant of the old chocolate house.

Drury Lane. The present Drury Lane Theatre is the fourth of the name. The *Spectator's* was the second. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and opened on March 26, 1674, with a prologue by Dryden. The third was opened in 1741 with a poetical address by Johnson, and the fourth on October 10, 1812, with one by Byron.

Haymarket. The theatre frequented by the *Spectator* stood where Her Majesty's now stands. It was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, architect and playwright, and opened on April 9, 1705, with a prologue by Garth. There were two other theatres in the reign of Anne—Dorset Gardens and Lincoln's Inn Fields—but they were comparatively unimportant.

Jonathan's. Jonathan's Coffee-house, in Change Alley, was the resort of stockjobbers. Garraway's, also in Change Alley, was a better house of the same class. One scene in Mrs. Centlivre's "*Bold Stroke for a Wife*" (act iv., scene 1) is laid in Jonathan's, and the stage directions say: "A crowd of people with rolls of paper and parchment in their hands; a bar, waiters," &c.

PAGE 4.

Economy (from the Greek *οικονομία*, *oikonomia*, management of a house, from *οικος*, *oikos*, a house, and *νέμειν*, *nem-ein*, to deal out); management of a family, government of a household; regulation, arrangement, frugality.

"By St. Paul's *economy* the heir differs nothing from a servant while he is in his minority."—*Jeremy Taylor*.

The word was formerly spelled *economy*; it was so spelled in the "Spectator."

PAGE 5.

Mr. Buckley's. Samuel Buckley was what we should now call the publisher of the "Spectator."

Little Britain. Little Britain is on the west side of Aldersgate Street, near the General Post Office. Stow, the chronicler, says the antiquaries of his time believed that the district got its name from the Earls of Brittany lodging there. The book trade flourished there.

1710-11. Formerly the year was reckoned to begin on March 25. The financial year of the State still begins on April 5, which, in consequence of the eleven days docked in 1752, is old Lady Day. Under the old style, January, February, and part of March ended the old year, under the new style they begin the new year. The first number of the "Spectator" was therefore published in 1710, O.S., 1711, N.S.

PAGE 7.

CHAPTER I.

This paper (written by Steele) was No. 2 of the "Spectator," and appeared on March 2, 1711.

Sir Roger de Coverley. Congreve complains of

"Such who watch plays with scurrilous intent
To mark out who by characters are meant;
And though no perfect likeness they can trace,
Yet each pretends to know the copied face.
These with false glosses feed their own ill nature,
And turn to *libel* what was meant a satire."

Way of the World: Epilogue.

Addison and Steele could complain as justly as Congreve of their imaginary characters being ascribed to real persons. The "Spectator's" pictures were so lifelike that gossips said they must be drawn from life, and straightway set about finding the originals. Eustace Budgell (who ought to have known better) gives countenance to them. In the preface to his translation of Theophrastus he says:—"Theophrastus was the SPECTATOR of the age he lived in: he drew pictures of particular men."

Thomas Tyers (the "Tom Tyers" of Dr. Johnson), writing in 1783, says:—"The principal and most prominent character in the 'Spectator' is Sir Roger de Coverley, understood to be drawn from Sir John Pakington, of Worcestershire, a Tory, not without good sense, but abounding in absurdities. . . . Sir Roger makes a figure in seven of the volumes."

Addison alone knew how to conduct his hero properly. At least Steele so much offended him by putting him into a ridiculous situation under the Temple cloisters that he would not suffer him to have anything more to do with him, but rescued him from his pen. Addison thought it safest and best to give an account of the death of the old knight himself, lest, as he said, he should be murdered by base hands."

An Historical Essay on Mr. Addison, p. 43.

Tyers is not a writer who can be trusted, and his assertion that Sir Roger de Coverley was drawn from Sir John Packington has been entirely disproved by Mr. Wills.

Famous country dance. "The real sponsor to the joyous conclusion of every ball has only been recently revealed after a vigilant search. An autograph account by Ralph Thoresby, of the family of Calverley of Calverley, in Yorkshire, dated 1717, and which is now in the possession of Sir W. Calverley Trevelyan, states that the tune of 'Roger a Calverley' was named after Sir Roger of Calverley, who lived in the time of Richard I. This knight, according to the custom of that period, kept minstrels, who took the name from their office of Harper. Their descendants possessed lands in the neighbourhood of Calverley, called Harperfroids and Harper's Spring. 'The seal of this Sir Roger, appended to one of his charters, is large, with a chevalier on horseback.'"—*Wills*.

Country-dance is said to be derived from the French *contre-danse*, a dance in which the partners stand *opposite* each other. On the contrary, it is also said that the French *contre-danse* is derived from our *country-dance*. Trench points out that in either case we have an illustration of the tendency to give words an intelligible origin.

Soho Square was a very fashionable quarter in the days of the Spectator. Evelyn, who moved in the highest society of the time says in his diary (December 27, 1689): "I went to London with my family to winter at Soho, in the great square." The Duke of Monmouth's house was on the south side, and the watchword at the battle of Sedgemoor was "Soho." There is a tradition that the square (till then called King's) received its present name in consequence. This is certainly wrong, as "Soho" appears in the parish books as early as 1632. Probably the watchword was chosen from its being the name of the district wherein stood the Duke's house.

PAGE 8.

Lord Rochester. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), was the most dissolute and shameless man of the most dissolute and shameless Court England has ever seen. Towards the end of his wasted life he confessed that for five years together he was never once sober, and it would be hard to name a moral law which he did not break. Rochester was a good talker, and "excelled in the noisy and licentious merriment

which wine excites."¹ His wit and his wickedness naturally made him a favourite of Charles II., who appointed him a gentleman of the bed-chamber. "He lived worthless and useless, and blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness, till at the age of one-and-thirty he had exhausted the fund of life and reduced himself to a state of weakness and decay."² At Court Rochester's reputation as a poet was high; whence it will be understood that he deserves to rank low in the estimation of decent people. Most of his writings are, fortunately, forgotten; everybody knows his epigram on Charles I. beginning:—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king."

His poem on "Nothing" and a few of his songs are worth reading.

Sir George Etherege (1636-1689) was another of the wits of Charles II.'s time, who thought that the doing of bad things was excusable in a man who could say good ones. He wrote three sprightly comedies of the kind fashionable after the Restoration, "The Comical Revenge," "She would if she could," and "The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter." Having wasted his substance in riotous living, he made court to a rich old widow. She wanted a title, so he got himself knighted and married her. His fascinating manners (which won for him the nicknames "Gentle George" and "Easy Etherege") made him a favourite with the Duchess of York, by whose influence he was sent ambassador to Ratisbon. There drinking not wisely but too well, he fell downstairs and broke his neck.

Bully Dawson was a noted swaggering sharper. Tom Brown, in his "Letters from the Dead to the Living" (ed. 1715, p. 217), makes Bully Dawson write to "Bully W . . . n":—"Therefore, if ever you intend to be my rival in glory, you must fight a bailiff once a day, stand kick and cuff once a week, challenge some coward or other once a month, bilk your lodging once a quarter, and cheat a tailor once a year, crow over every coxcomb you meet with, and be sure you kick every jilt you bully into . . . submission and a compliance of treating you; never till then will the fame of W . . . n ring like Dawson's in every coffee-house or be the merry subject of every tavern tittle-tattle." To this Bully Watson replies:—"Noble captain and commander-in-chief of all the cowards in Christendom! If being smoke-dried up a chimney like a fitch of bacon through fear of bailiffs; being kicked through the whole town by every coxcomb . . . and dunned by every scoundrel; starving, lousing, begging, borrowing, bullying, and all the plagues of human life would never mend your manners upon earth, I have little reason to believe," &c.—P. 230.

Doublet (Middle Eng. *dobbelet*, Old F. *doublet*, an inner or double garment, F. *double*, from L. *duplus*, literally twice full, from L. *duo*, two, and *plus*, allied to *plenus*, full) corresponded to our waistcoat.

¹ Dr. Johnson: "Lives of the Poets."

* *Ibid.*

Justice of the quorum. In deliberative or executive bodies business cannot be transacted unless a certain number of the members be present. This number is called a "quorum." *Quorum* [= of whom] is the genitive plural of the Latin *qui*, who. "Quorum" (especially in the older writers) is used absolutely for a bench of magistrates. "They were a parcel of mummers, and being himself one of the *quorum* in his own county, he wondered that none of the Middlesex justices took care to lay some of them by the heels."—ADDISON: *The Freeholder*, No. 44.

Quarter Session. The magistrates of a county meet once a quarter to transact the county business, and to try prisoners committed to quarter sessions from the petty sessions of the justices.

The Game Act. There are many Game Acts on our statute-book. Perhaps the most important in force in the days of the Spectator were three passed respectively by Charles II., William and Mary, and Anne. The first (22 & 23 Car. II., cap. 25) declared all who did not belong to certain privileged classes (such as landowners worth at least a hundred a year, and the sons and heirs-apparent of esquires, or of persons of higher degree) "to be persons by the laws of this realm not allowed to have or keep for themselves or any other person or persons any guns, bows, grounds [&c. &c. &c.], but should be and are hereby prohibited to have, keep, or use the same."

The second (4 & 5 W. & M., cap. 23) recited that "great mischiefs do come by inferior tradesmen, apprentices, and other dissolute persons neglecting their trades and employment, who follow hunting, fishing, and other game, to the ruin of themselves and damage of their neighbours;" and enacted that if such persons presumed to hunt, &c., they should be subject to the penalties of the Act.

The third (5 Ann., cap. 14) enacted that, "if any higler, chapman, carrier, innkeeper, victualler, or ale-house keeper shall have in his or their custody or possession any " game, a penalty should be imposed of five pounds for each article.

The yeoman described in "Spectator" No. 122 (see p. 71), who was worth "about an hundred pounds a year," is said to be "just within the Game Act;" it is therefore evident that it was the first of the measures quoted which contained the passage explained by Sir Roger.

The Inner Temple. The order of the Poor Fellow Soldiers of Jesus Christ and of the Temple of Solomon—the Knights Templars—was founded in 1118, to protect pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem. The rule of the fraternity was at first severe, but the original austerity and piety soon gave way to luxury and pride. The first settlement in England was made in 1128, when a church was built where Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, now stand. Rather more than fifty years later the order obtained a large tract of land between Fleet Street and the river, and there built a beautiful church, cloisters, council-chamber, and barracks, and laid out

gardens and grounds for military exercise. As the power and corruption of the Knights Templars grew, several of the European sovereigns combined against the order, and in 1312 Pope Clement V. formally abolished it. Meantime the lawyers had been growing into an important body. The Great Charter had ordained that "common-pleas should not thenceforth follow the king's court, but be held in some certain place," and those who practised at Westminster began to settle within easy distance of it. Edward I. admitted laymen to plead and read causes. This excited the jealousy of the Church, and as ecclesiastics had control of the universities a legal education had to be sought elsewhere. Hence arose the Inns of Court. The Societies of the Inner, the Middle, and the Outer Temple obtained their names from having obtained possession of the princely property which the knights had held beside the Thames. In the literature of the Restoration and of the following period the Templar is a stock character. Humoursome, odd, capricious. *Humorous* is also used in the same sense.

"He's *humorous* as winter and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day."

SHAKESPEARE: 2 *Henry IV.*, act iv., sc. 4.

Humour is derived (through the Fr.) from the L. *humor*, a liquid, fluid, moisture; and *humorous* was formerly used in its primitive sense of moist, humid.

"Come, he hath hid himself among the trees,
To be consorted with the *humorous* night."

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii., sc. 1.

The secondary meaning of the word arose from the old belief that there were four principal humours or fluids in the body: blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy—the third and fourth being really two different states of the same fluid—and that according as any one of these humours predominated a man was sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy. The question is discussed with almost mathematical precision in the prologue to Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour."

PAGE 9.

Aristotle, a famous Greek philosopher. He died B.C. 322 in his sixty-third year. For twenty years he studied under Plato, and then he founded a school of philosophy of his own. He was the tutor of Alexander the Great. Down to the days of Bacon Aristotle was reckoned an authority in science, and, to a still later period, in criticism and logic.

Longinus (210-273 A.D.) was another Greek philosopher and critic. He was first tutor, and then minister, to Zenobia, the famous queen of Palmyra, who, acting on his advice, resisted the Emperor Aurelian. When the Romans defeated her they showed their sense of Longinus's ser-

vices by putting him to death. His critical remarks on ancient authors, and his treatise on the Sublime were much read till English writers ceased slavishly to copy classic models.

"Thee, bold Longinus, all the Nine [Muses] inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire;
An ardent judge who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself the great Sublime he draws."

POPE: *Essay on Criticism*, ll. 675-680.

Littleton. Sir Thomas Littleton was a judge of the time of Henry VI. and Edward IV. He was knighted in 1475, and died at a good old age six years later. His famous treatise on Tenures and Titles was written for the use of his second son, who was a lawyer.

Coke. Sir Edward Coke (1549-1634) was a lawyer whose great abilities and determination to rise at all cost made him (in the words of James I.) "the fittest instrument for a tyrant that ever was in England." The violence with which he conducted the impeachment of the gallant Raleigh did not go unrewarded, for in 1606 Coke was made lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, and seven years later of the King's Bench. He was afterwards disgraced, but struggled to retrieve his fortunes with a courage and success which made James say he fell on his feet like a cat. His commentary on Littleton's great treatise ("Coke upon Littleton") is well known.

Demosthenes, a celebrated Athenian orator, who died B.C. 322, in his sixtieth year. His abilities raised him to the head of the government, and in his public capacity (by a series of speeches which has given to our language the word *philippic*) he roused his countrymen to resist the encroachment of Philip of Macedon.

Tully, Cicero. Marcus *Tullius* Cicero was a famous Roman statesman, critic, and orator. He died 43 B.C., at the age of sixty-four. Perhaps the best read orations of the "father of Roman eloquence" are those against Catiline.

At five. The theatre hour was six:

"An ass there was, our author bid me say,
Who needs must write; he did, and wrote a play; . . .
The house was crammed *at six*, with friends and foes,
Rakes, wits, and critics, citizens and beaux."

Epilogue to "The Suspicious Husband."

New Inn stands immediately to the west of Clement's Inn, which itself stands to the west of the new Law Courts. Russell Court is a turning out of Drury Lane, on the east side, south of the theatre. One may still go from the Temple to the site of Will's through New Inn and Russell Court.

Has his shoes rubbed. Gay, in his "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London" (i., 23-4) speaks of the time

"When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And 'Clean your shoes' resounds from every voice."

And elsewhere (ii., 101-2)

"Hark! the boy calls thee to his destined stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand."

His *periwig powdered*. Periwigs were among the blessings which England owed to the restoration of Charles II., but perhaps the fashion was never so preposterous as in the days of Anne. The wig must have been exceedingly heavy. A contemporary play speaks of a wig which "had a pound of hair and two pounds of powder in't."

In "Trivia" Gay warns people clothed in black to avoid contact with a hairdresser, for "the barber's apron soils the sable dress" (ii., 28); and of the fop he says:—

"Him like the miller pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly." (ii., 57-8.)

The Rose was a tavern in Russell Street, Covent Garden, so close to Drury Lane Theatre as to be absorbed into it when Garrick enlarged the house in 1776.

Noble and generous. It is quite likely that when Pope (in the additions which he made in 1713 to his "Windsor Forest") expressed a wish that London might be made a free port, he had in his mind Steele's account of the "noble and generous" ideas of Sir Andrew. The poet's words are:—

"The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the New World launch forth to seek the Old."

Windsor Forest, ll. 397-402.

PAGE 10.

If another. This sentence is largely elliptical; at length it would be:—If another [part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain] from another [nation].

Captain Sentrey. "Spectator" No. 544 (by Steele) is a letter written by Captain Sentrey after he has succeeded to Sir Roger's estate. The worthy soldier says that "in honour of the profession of arms," he has "set apart a certain sum of money for a table for such gentlemen as have"

served their country in the army." He adds :—"If Colonel Kempenfelt be in town and his abilities are not employed another way in the service, there is no man would be more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough knowledge in his profession, together with the simplicity of his manners and goodness of his heart, would induce others like him to honour my abode." Hence it has been inferred that Captain Sentrey was drawn from Colonel Kempenfelt, but what was said about the original of Sir Roger de Coverley applies equally here.

It may be interesting to add that Colonel Kempenfelt was the father of the admiral who was lost in the "Royal George"

"When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men."

PAGE 11.

Humourists. The word is more commonly spelled without the second *u*. A *humourist* is a person who conducts himself by his own fancy or humour rather than by the conventional rules of society. The word is used in the same sense in p. 16, line 7.

Will Honeycomb. The gossips who look for personality everywhere say that the original of Will Honeycomb was a Colonel Cleland, and (military titles being then very loosely applied) he is identified with the too complying Major William Cleland, who was always ready to lend his name to Pope,—“Pope Alexander's Man William.” But “the tradition rests on no good authority, and if it had any foundation, Steele must have altered some traits of character, and added at least twenty years to the age of the old beau. . . . Cleland was only in his thirty-eighth year when the Spectator Club was drawn. He was married, and instead of despising scholars, bookish men and philosophers, he was precisely one of this class himself.”—CARRUTHERS: *Life of Pope*, p. 261 (ed. 1858).

PAGE 12.

Covered by such a sort of petticoat. “Spectator” No. 127 is directed against the daily growing hooped petticoat. Addison says: “It is generally thought some crafty women have thus betrayed their companions into hoops that they might make them accessory to their own concealments, and by this means escape the censure of the world. . . . The strutting petticoat smooths all distinctions.”

The Duke of Monmouth, James Crofts, was the son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters. His person was handsome and his manners pleasing, and as his father was very fond of him, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court petted him. Charles made him a duke that he might marry the daughter of the Earl of Buccleuch.

“The queen . . . it seems, was at Windsor at the late St. George's

least there, and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her with his hat in his hand, the king came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which everybody took notice of."—PERRYS: *Diary*, April 27, 1663.

"With my coach to St. James's, and there finding the Duke of York gone to muster his men in Hyde Park, I alone with my boy thither, and there saw more . . . of a soldier's trade than ever I did in my life, the men being mighty fine, and their commanders, particularly the Duke of Monmouth."—*Id.*, May 19, 1659.

Tom, Mirabell, the father of the "young commoner." *Mirabell* was a favourite name in the comedies of the day.

PAGE 13.

A chamber-counsellor is one who does not plead in the courts, but gives advice and opinions on cases submitted to him at his chambers.

"These lawyers, I am told, are of a different kind; one is what they call a chamber-counsel, the other a pleader; the conveyancer is slow from an imperfection in his speech, and therefore shunned the bar," &c.—STEELE: *The Conscious Lovers*, act iii., sc. 1.

PAGE 14.

CHAPTER II.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 106 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 2, 1711.

Speculations. One of the meanings which Dr. Johnson gives to *speculation* is "a train of thoughts formed by meditation." In the "Spectator" and similar periodicals the papers were often called "speculations."

"Pray give us a *speculation* in general about servants."

Letter to Spectator (No. 88).

An hedge. It is only within the present century that *an* has come to be used only before a vowel or a silent *h*. It formerly occurred frequently before an aspirate, as

And after these came armed with spear and shield

An host.—*Dryden*.

As if *an* hundred anvils rang.—*Scott*.

Valet de chambre, groom of the chamber, body servant. The French word *valet* is in origin the same as our word *varlet*.

PAGE 15.

Pad, a horse that goes with an easy pace. The word was originally *pad-nag*, a nag for the path (Dutch, *pad*).

"Let him walk afoot with his *pad* in his hand, but let not them be accounted no poets who mount and show their horsemanship."—*DRYDEN: Dedication to Juvenal*.

PAGE 16.

A dependent. The domestic chaplain often occupied a very degraded position, not only in the days of the "Spectator," but before and after. Bishop Hall (1574-1656) gives among other conditions of the employment:—

"First that he lie upon a truckle bed
While his young master lieth o'er his head;
Second that he do upon no default
Never to sit above the salt; . . .
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies,
Sit bare at meals *and one half rise and wait.*"

For his manifold services he received "five marks and winter livery." Oldham (1653-1683) paints a similar picture:—

"Some think themselves exalted to the sky
If they light in some noble family;
Diet, a horse and thirty pounds a year
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great. . .
When dinner calls the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meal,
But hold it for a favour seldom known
If he be deigned the honour to sit down.
Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape [the chaplain] withdraw,
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw. . . .
The menial thing perhaps for a reward
Is to some slender benefice preferred,
With this proviso bound, that he must wed
My lady's antiquated waiting-maid."

"Tatler" No. 255 has a letter from a chaplain who, not rising from the table according to custom when the second course was served, was "informed *by the butler* that his lordship had no further occasion for" his service.

Swift, in his "Directions to Servants," tells the waiting-maid she "will have the choice of three lovers—the chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman," and advises her to choose the steward.

Fielding's "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews" likewise show the degraded position, not only of domestic chaplains, but also of the poorer incumbents.

PAGE 17.

Who preached to-morrow, that is, who were the authors of the sermons which the clergyman was going to read.

The Bishop of St. Asaph. The Bishop of St. Asaph at the time

Addison wrote was Dr. William Fleetwood (1656-1723), and he had published a small volume of sermons in 1705, when he was only a London rector; but it is doubtful whether they attracted much notice till a subsequent volume, published in 1712, had the honour of being burned by the common hangman by order of the House of Commons. It is quite likely that Addison was thinking of the *late* Bishop of St. Asaph, William Beveridge (1637-1708), whose hundred and fifty sermons published just before his death were likely to become immediately popular on account of his high reputation.

Dr. South. Robert South (1633-1716) seemed, when a young man, determined to rise by flattering the party in power, whether republican or royalist, but later in life he settled down in a rectory and refused an English bishopric and an Irish archbishopric. He was not an amiable man, but he was an eloquent preacher, and his sermons were often re-printed.

Archbishop Tillotson. John Tillotson (1630-1694) rose to notice by his abilities as a preacher, his moderation as a politician, and his character as a man. To these qualities he owed his elevation after the Revolution to the see of Canterbury. The breadth of his views and the attempts which he made to reform abuses caused many of the clergy to be bitterly hostile to him. His sermons, though now little read, were long popular.

Bishop Saunderson. Robert Saunderson (1687-1663) was ejected from the regius professorship of divinity at Oxford by the parliamentary party, but was restored to his office after the return of Charles II., and also made bishop of Lincoln. His sermons were clear and vigorous, and his reputation as a logician and casuist stood high.

Dr. Barrow. Isaac Barrow (1630-1677), after holding a professorship of mathematics at Cambridge for six years, resigned his chair to Newton in order to devote himself to theology. He afterwards became master of Trinity College and vice-chancellor of the university. His abilities were only equalled by the graces of his character. His sermons were edited by Tillotson.

Dr. Calamy. Edmund Calamy (1600-1666) was a famous Nonconformist preacher during the struggle between Charles I. and the Parliament. He was one of the writers of the treatise against episcopacy familiar at least by name to all students of Butler or Milton, called from the initials of its authors "*Smectymnuus*." Calamy was against the execution of the first Charles and helped to bring back the second. After the Restoration he was offered a bishopric, but he declined it. The Act of Uniformity caused him to retire from the ministry. His sermons were plain and practical. The fact that Calamy's name was included in the list of preachers shows that though Sir Roger liked a "good Church of England comedy" he did not object to a Nonconformist sermon.

PAGE 18.

CHAPTER III.

This paper (written by Steele) was No. 107 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 3, 1711.

General corruption of manners in servants. The literature of the day—plays, newspapers, and satires—frequently mentioned the insolence, dishonesty, and depravity of servants. In Steele's "Conscious Lovers" (act i., sc. 1), a servant of the old school says to one of the new, "I hope the fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of decency and order, is almost at an end since it is arrived at persons of your quality?"

The savage satire of Swift's "Directions to Servants" did not go beyond the truth; drinking, lying, cheating, and neglect of duty appear to have been the general rule.

PAGE 19.

To be much beforehand, to have received more than has been spent; to have a reserve fund.

"Stranger's house is at this time rich and *much beforehand*, for it hath laid up revenue these thirty-seven years."—*Bacon*.

To be stripped of their liveries as a preliminary to being dismissed.

Cast, left off as no longer fit to be worn.

"So may *cast* poets write: there's no pretension

To argue loss of wit from loss of pension."—*Dryden*.

PAGE 20.

Husband (from the Icelandic *húsbóndi*, the master of a house, from *hús*, house, and *búandi*, dwelling in, prest. pt. of *búa*, to dwell),¹ a good manager, economiser.

"*Lord Foppington*. Now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred pawns.

"*Young Fashion*. If you can't I must starve, that's all

"*Lord F*. All I can say is you should have been a better husband."

SHERIDAN: *A Trip to Scarborough*, act ii., sc. 1.

The verb *husband* is more common, as

"To *husband* out life's taper at the close."—*Goldsmith*.

Cardinal (from the Latin *cardinal-is*, chief, from *cardin*, stem of *cardo*, a hinge), that on which the others turn, as a door on its hinges.

Spare a large fine. Under the feudal law, whenever the tenant had occasion to make over his land to another ("alien" it, in law language), a fine had to be paid to the lord for his permission to the transfer. When

¹ This is Prof. Skeat's etymology, and differs from that often given—*house-bond*.

tenure by knight service was abolished (12 Car. II.) fines were expressly reserved to copyhold tenures.

Sir Roger was so good a manager that he could afford, and so kind a master that he was willing, to remit the fine for alienation when one of his old servants became his tenant, or to make a stranger becoming a tenant pay the fine to a worthy servant who preferred to continue with the knight.

Manumission (from Latin *manu*, ablative of *manus*, hand, and *missio*, crude form of *missio*, a sending, from *mitt-ere*, to send), literally a sending away from one's hand. The term was applied to the freeing of slaves.

PAGE 21.

Prentice, short for *apprentice*, which is from the Low Latin *apprenticius*, a learner of a trade, and may be traced to the Latin *apprehend-ere*, to lay hold of.

PAGE 22.

CHAPTER IV.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 108 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 4, 1711.

Mr. William Wimble. An original has been found for Wimble as for Sir Roger, Will Honeycomb, and the rest, and with no more truth in his case than in theirs. "The received story is that Will Wimble was a Mr. Thomas Morecraft, younger son of a Yorkshire baronet, whom Steele knew in early life, and introduced to Addison, by whose bounty he was for some time supported. Though excelling in such small and profitless arts as are attributed to Will Wimble, Mr. Morecraft had not the ingenuity to gain his own livelihood. When Addison died, he went to Ireland to his friend the Bishop of Kildare, at whose house in Fish Street, Dublin, he died in 1741."—*W. H. Wills.*

Jack, another name for a pike.

"No fish will thrive in a pond where roach and gudgeons are except jacks."—MORTIMER: *Husbandry.*

PAGE 23.

Younger brother. The literature of the day proves amply that Addison's picture of the condition of a younger brother is in no way exaggerated. In Steele's "Tender Husband" (act i., sc. 1), Captain Clerimont (who is a younger brother) says that in consequence of Marlborough's victories the war must soon end and red coats be out of fashion "In such a case I should have no way of livelihood but calling over this gentleman's [his eldest brother's] dogs in the country, drinking his stale beer to the neighbourhood, or marrying a fortune."

In "Tatler" No. 256 another representative of Will Wimble's class is made to say "that he was the cadet of a very ancient family; and that, according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business; but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honour, than do anything beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends."

May-fly. "And now I shall tell you that the fishing with a natural fly is excellent, and affords much pleasure; they may be found thus: the May-fly usually in or about that month near to the river side, especially against rain."—ISAAC WALTON: *The Complete Angler*, p. 117 (ed. 1653).

The artificial May-fly (which Will Wimble made "to a miracle") is thus described by Walton (p. 115):—"You may make his body with greenish coloured crewel, or willow colour, darkening it in most places with waxed silk or ribbed with a black hair or some of them ribbed with silver thread and such wings for the colour as you see the fly to have at that season, nay at that very day on the water."

Angle-rods, rods for angling. *Angle*, a fish-hook, is from the A.S. *angel* (which means the same), while the geometrical term *angle* comes (through the French) from the Latin *angulus*, a corner.

A tulip root. The tulip was introduced into England about 1578. There was at one time a tulip mania, which reached the highest point in Holland, where in 1639 a hundred and twenty sold for 90,000 florins, and one for 4,203 guilders. The folly was not quite dead in the days of the "Spectator." No. 218 of the "Tatler" was written in ridicule of it. A man who could "talk rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip" told Bickerstaff "that he valued the bed of flowers which lay before him, and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England."

A net. The art of "shooting flying" was only just coming in; partridges and other birds strong on the wing were therefore commonly netted, and Will Wimble's nets were probably for that purpose.

Setting dog. The breed of setters, or setting dogs, was developed from the spaniel, and when first established was used only by fowlers and falconers. "Another sort of dogs be very serviceable for fowling, making no noise either with foot or tongue whiles they follow the game. . . . When he hath found the bird he keepeth sure and fast silence; he stayeth his steps and will proceed no further, and with a close covert, watching eye, layeth his belly to the ground, and so creepeth forward like a worm. When he approacheth near to the place where the bird is, he lays him down, and with a mark of his paws betrayeth the place of the bird's last abode, whereby it is supposed that this kind of dog is called [in Latin] *Index*, *setter*, being indeed a name most consonant and agreeable to his quality."

—*The English Dog* (translated by ABRAHAM FLEMING, student, from the Latin of Dr. CAIUS), p. 15 (ed. 1576).

Made, trained.

PAGE 24.

Drew. The past participle, *drawn*, should have been used here. Addison's style sometimes shows carelessness in little points.

PAGE 25.

Quail-pipe, a pipe with which fowlers allure quails.

PAGE 26.

CHAPTER V.

This paper (written by Steele) was No. 109 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 5, 1711.

PAGE 27.

Jetting, sticking out after the manner of one who is strutting.

"Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes."—SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*, act. ii., sc. 5.

The habit. Holbein's portrait in Hampton Court of the Earl of Surrey is a good example of the costume of a nobleman early in the sixteenth century. "His doublet is made preposterously broad at the shoulders and very wide in the sleeves . . . the dress altogether having a strange contradictory look of heaviness and lightness occasioned by the superabundant breadth and exceeding shortness of those articles contrasting curiously with the tight stockings and small flat cap."—FARNHOLT: *Costume in England*, p. 242.

The Tilt-Yard stood where Spring Gardens now stand. It was used, as its name shows, for tilts or tournaments.

The coffee-house was Jenny Man's, which was chiefly frequented by officers. It was supplanted by Slaughter's in St. Martin's Lane, familiar to all readers of "Vanity Fair."

PAGE 28.

The new-fashioned petticoat. The "large drum" of Sir Roger was the farthingale of the time of James I. A portrait of James's queen fully justifies the term. The "new-fashioned petticoat" widened gradually from the waist to the ground.

A go-cart, a kind of frame on small wheels, in which children were enclosed that they might learn to walk. They pushed it forward, and thus moved without fear of falling.

"Young children who are tried in
Go-carts to keep their steps from sliding,
When members knit and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machines no longer."—Prior.

Receipt (from Latin *recip-ere*, from *re* and *cap-ere*, to take). *Recipe* (which means the same as *receipt*) is the imperative of *recip-ere*, and therefore means "take thou." The *R* with which physicians' prescriptions begin is a contraction of the word.

Hasty pudding, a pudding made of milk and flour boiled quickly together; also of water and oatmeal.

White-pot, milk, with eggs, fine bread, sugar, and spice, baked in a pot. The great home of white-pot is the county of Devon.

"Cornwall squab-pie and Devon white-pot brings,
And Leicester beans and bacon fit for kings."

Dr. KING: *The Art of Cookery*.

Was no great matter. Was no great gain to our estate—that is, was a great loss to it.

This soft gentleman is dressed in the costume of a beau of the time of James I. Slashes were cuts made in a garment to show a rich material underneath.

PAGE 29.

We winked at the thing. Here we have an incidental illustration of the feeling which prompted Will Wimble to starve like a gentleman rather than thrive in a trade or profession beneath his quality. A worthy and wealthy citizen named de Coverley claimed to be connected with Sir Roger's family, and his claim was "winked at" because the ten thousand pounds embodying it was wanted.

Knight of this shire, member of Parliament for this county.

PAGE 30.

Husbandman, not farmer, but manager or economiser. (See note to *husband*, p. 135.)

Such a degree, a certain point he had fixed on in his mind.

The battle of Worcester (fought on September 3, 1651) ended the Civil War. The Royalists could not recover from their crushing defeat, so that Cromwell showed his usual penetration when he wrote of the victory:—"The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts; it is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy."

PAGE 31.

CHAPTER VI.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 110 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 6, 1711.

The Psalms. "Who giveth fodder unto the cattle and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him."—*Psalm* cxlvii., 9.

This is the translation in the Prayer Book; the Authorised Version runs:—"He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

PAGE 32.

Harbours (Middle Eng. *herberve*, a shelter, from the Icelandic, *herbergi*, literally army-shelter, from *herr*, an army, and *barg*, past tense of *bjarga*, to shelter), places of shelter.

Mr. Locke. John Locke, the philosopher (1632-1704), had not been dead quite seven years when Addison was writing. The chapter on the Association of Ideas is Book II., chap. xxxiii., § 10, of the "Essay on the Human Understanding."

PAGE 33.

Exorcised (from the late Latin *exorciz-are*, which comes from the Greek *ἐξορκίζ-ειν*, *exorkiz-ein*, to drive away by adjuration), driven away by adjuration.

All historians, sacred and profane. It will suffice to instance for the one the writer of the account of the witch of Endor raising the ghost of Samuel, and for the other Plutarch (who tells the story of Cæsar's ghost appearing to Brutus).

Fabulous and groundless. Addison would have been sorry not to believe in ghosts, for he looked upon them as a proof of the immortality of the soul. He argued that persons could not appear after death unless they existed after death. In his comedy, "The Drummer," he heaps ridicule upon one of the characters who professes not to believe in the reality of a drum-playing apparition that troubles a country-house, though the said apparition is only a living lover.

PAGE 34.

Cannot distrust. Addison's reasoning is here open to an obvious objection. It does not follow that because the person who says he saw a ghost is a truthful man honestly convinced of the accuracy of what he reports, he actually did see one. What he saw is often as likely to have been due to natural as to supernatural causes. Argument, in fact, was not Addison's strong point, as the fragment we have of his treatise on the "Evidences of Christianity" shows.

Poets . . . Philosophers. Lucretius, who was poet and philosopher, admitted that men had often appeared after death, though he denied that the soul could exist apart from the body.

CHAPTER VII.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 112 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 9, 1711.

PAGE 35.

Particularities, peculiarities.

"I saw an old heathen altar with this *particularity*, that it was hollowed like a dish at one end, but not the end on which the sacrifice was laid."—ADDISON: *Remarks on Italy*.

PAGE 36.

Chancel comes (through the French) from the Latin *cancellus*, a grating, and the chancel of a church is so called because it was originally fenced off by a grating or latticed screen. *Cancel* comes from the same root, because cancelling is done by drawing a grating of lines across."

Incumbent (from *incumbent*, stem of the present participle of *in-cumbere*, to recline on, rest, remain in) is often used absolutely for the clergyman who holds a living; but the word is also used for the holder of any office—here that of parish clerk.

PAGE 37.

Tithe-stealers. The tithe was then paid in kind directly to the parson; the tenants of Sir Roger's neighbour would please their squire by cheating the clergyman out of some of the produce to which he was entitled.

His order, the clerical.

His patron, the squire who had presented him to the living.

Very hardly, with great difficulty.

"There are in living creatures parts that nourish and repair easily, and parts that nourish and repair *hardly*."—Bacon.

PAGE 38.

CHAPTER VIII.

This paper (written by Steele) was No. 113 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 10, 1711.

In my first description. (See p. 7.) Both Addison and Steele had suffered from the caprice of "perverse beautiful widows," and this will account for the evident sincerity of the many references to widows in the "Spectator." At the date of this paper Addison's sufferings were not over; they were to last another five years; and then take another shape by his widow marrying him. It may, however, be presumed that Steele had reached a point whence he could review with philosophic calm his suit to a widow, for he had married somebody else, been left a widower, and then had married a second time.

An original has of course been found for the charming widow who plagued Sir Roger, and this time there is strong presumptive evidence that Steele sketched the outline of her portrait from life. He dedicated one of the three volumes of the "Lady's Library" to a Mrs. Bovey, and

when his description of her in the dedication is placed beside his description of Sir Roger's widow in the "Spectator," it can hardly be doubted that the person described was the same in each.

Mrs. Catherine Bovey was the widow of William Bovey, Esquire, of Flaxley Abbey, in Gloucestershire. She was left a widow at twenty-two; she possessed many of the attributes of Sir Roger's charmer, and, like her, had a confidante. (See p. 59.) Mrs. Bovey's friend was a Mrs. Pope, who lived with her for forty years, and was executrix under her will. Mrs. Bovey died on January 21, 1727, in her fifty-seventh year. She was buried in the family vault at Flaxley, and Mrs. Pope erected a monument to her in Westminster Abbey.

Should be settled. Sir Roger did not mean that any part of his estate had been literally settled upon the widow, but that the idea of her was so inseparably associated with a certain avenue that he could not see "a sprig of any bough of the whole walk" without reflecting upon her severity.

PAGE 39.

Sheriff. The sheriff (shire-reeve) was once a powerful officer, and though his duties are still many and important, they are generally discharged by deputy, so that his own functions are chiefly ornamental. Formerly (accompanied by a large retinue of his tenants, clothed in his livery and armed with javelins) he met the judges of assize on the borders of the county and escorted them in state to the court. Now that the judges come by train to the assize town, and are generally escorted to court by the county police, the sheriff's office has been shorn of much of its glory, and (it may be added) of much of its cost.

Showing my figure. On state occasions the sheriff appears in a court dress or uniform.

Bitted, taught to carry a "bearing rein." "Having your horse ready in all these things, you should then bit him in this manner. Mark when he standeth in his pride, and carryeth his head in the most gallantest fashion, and then measure him from the nether hip to the fore point of the shoulder, which is equal with the height of his breast." [Having thus got the length of the rein, directions are given for "bitting."]—GRIEVASE MARKHAM: *How to Choose, Train, and Diet both Hunting Horses and Running Horses* (1599).

PAGE 40.

Murrain, a disease of cattle. *With a murrain to her,* plague take her. The old French word *moreine*, which is presumed to be the original of *murrain*, has not been found, though *morine*, the carcase of a beast, also murrain, exists. This is from *morir* (Modern French, *mourir*), to die, from the Latin *mori*, to die.

Booby, from the Spanish *bobo*, a blockhead, which comes from the Latin *balbus*, stammering (and therefore appearing stupid).

PAGE 41.

Such a desperate scholar. The standard of education for women was very low.

In "Tatler" No. 247 there is what professes to be a letter from a young lady, and in order that it may appear natural many of the words are mis-spelled. Here is one sentence:—"Sir, you'll do me a sensible pleasure and very great honour if you'll pleas to insirt this poor scrole."

Swift, in his "Lines written in a Lady's Ivory Table Book, 1698," says:—

"Here you may read 'Dear charming saint'
Beneath 'A new receipt for paint;'
Here in beau spelling 'Tru tel deth,'
There in her own 'For an el breth.'"

We find words equally mis-spelled some years later in the letters of Tabitha Bramble (Squire Bramble's sister), in Smollett's "Humphry Clinker."

PAGE 42.

The last, utmost.

"Fools ambitiously contend
For wit and pow'r, their *last* endeavours bend
T' outshine each other."—DRYDEN: *Lucretius*.

Casuists, persons who study and settle cases (Latin, *casus*) of conscience.

The sphinx was a fabulous monster which haunted the neighbourhood of Thebes, proposed enigmas to the inhabitants, and devoured all who could not solve them. At last Œdipus answered one of the riddles, whereupon the monster destroyed itself.

Tucker. "There is a certain female ornament, by some called a *tucker*, and by others the *neck piece*, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom."—*The Guardian*, No. 100.

PAGE 43.

Tansy, a favourite dish in the seventeenth century. Here is a receipt for one:—"Take about a dozen new-laid eggs, beat them up with three pints of cream, strain them through a coarse linen cloth, and put in of the strained juices of endive, spinach, sorrel, and tansy, each three spoonfuls; half a grated nutmeg, four ounces of fine sugar, and little salt and rose-water. Put it with a slight laying of butter under it into a shallow pewter dish, and bake it in a moderately-heated oven. Scrape over it loaf sugar, sprinkle rose-water, and serve it up."—*A Closet of Rarities* (1706).

The country, the district.

"This very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country."—*Spectator*, No. 117. (See p. 55.)

Martial. Marcus Valerius Martial is a native of Spain. He passed thirty-five years of his life in Rome. He attained wealth and power by flattering the tyrant Domitian, whom he ridiculed when dead. Being treated with deserved coldness by Trajan, the poet returned to Spain, where he died (about 104 a.d.) in his seventy-fifth year. Martial's chief writings are fourteen books of epigrams. The one quoted in the text is Epigram 69, Book 1.

PAGE 44.

CHAPTER IX.

This paper (written by Steele) was No. 114 of the "*Spectator*," and appeared on July 11, 1711.

Fuddled, drunk.

"Earnest, brimming bowls
Leave every soul the table floating round
And pavement faithless to the *fuddled* feet."—*Thomson*.

Is dipped. *Dip* meant to engage as a pledge, and was generally used or the first mortgage.

"Be careful still of the main chance, my son;
Put out the principal in trusty hands,
Live on the use and never *dip* thy lands."

DRYDEN: *Persius*.

Sir Roger's morose friend had mortgaged his estate as security for money borrowed, and the interest on the loan was a heavier tax than he could pay.

Stomach, pride, haughtiness.

"He [Wolsey] was a man
Of an unbounded *stomach*."—SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VIII.*, act iv., sc. 2.

PAGE 45.

Libertine (from Latin *libertinus*, belonging to a freed-man, *libertus*). The servants behaved with the carelessness and insolence which might be expected of those who had been slaves ruled by terror, but were now freed-men, having nothing to fear from their former master.

Personate. This word is here used in an uncommon way to mean "behave as if possessed of."

Mortgage (from the French *mort*, dead; *gage*, a pledge), literally a dead pledge, because whatever profit it might yield it did not thereby redeem itself, but became dead or lost to the mortgagee on breach of the condition.

Four shillings in the pound, the Land Tax. If Laertes sold six thousand pounds' worth of his land he could pay off his debt, and the tax on the unprofitable part of his estate would fall on the purchaser.

PAGE 46.

Charges his estate, borrows on the security of his estate a further sum at least equal to one year's rent.

Usury, lending out money at heavy interest.

Stock-jobbing, speculating in the buying and selling of stocks.

Extravagant (from the Low Latin *extravagant*, stem of *extravagans*, prest. p. from *extra*, beyond, and *vagari*, to wander), wandering out of bounds.

"At his warning . . .

Th' *extravagant* and erring spirit hies

To his confine."—SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*, act i., sc. 1.

Lately mentioned. See p. 29.

PAGE 47.

Relish, taste, liking.

"We seem to have such a *relish* for faction as to have lost that of wit."—ADDISON: *The Freeholder*, No. 34.

Mr. Cowley. Abraham Cowley (1618-1667) was the most popular poet of his time, but he belonged to what Dr. Johnson calls the metaphysical school, and the relish for the artificial verse he wrote being dead he is now little read. The quotation is from Cowley's essay "Of Greatness."

CHAPTER X.

Two numbers of the "Spectator" are combined in this chapter. The first (written by Addison) was No. 115, and appeared on July 12, 1711. It extends as far as the middle of p. 49 ("ten miles of his house"). The second (written by Budgell) was No. 116, and appeared on July 13. The motto prefixed to the chapter is taken from the second paper; the motto for the first was Juvenal's "*ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*."

PAGE 48.

Before mentioned. The first four paragraphs of the paper are omitted in the text. They are too technical to be easy reading, and their science is out of date. The sentence referred to is, "I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands."

Brows. In the sense in the text the word is generally used in the singular.

Labour'd. The word is here used in the same sense as the French *labourer*, to plough, till. This use is very uncommon in English.

PAGE 49.

Covey, a brood (from Old French *covée*, a brood of partridges, fem. of past part. of *cover*, Modern French *couver*, to hatch, sit; from the Latin *cubare*, to lie down, sit).

PAGE 50.

Staked himself, killed himself by falling on a stake.

Beagles. The modern foxhound was not in existence in the Spectator's time.

Stop-hounds. "We infer from Blaine's 'Rural Sports' that when one of these hounds found the scent he gave notice of his good fortune by deliberately squatting to impart more effect to his deep tones, and to get wind for a fresh start."—*Wills*.

Notes which are suited. Great attention was formerly paid to this point. These are the directions which Gervase Markham gives on the subject in his "Country Contentment" (p. 7, ed. 1615): "If you would have your kennel for sweetness of cry you must compound it of some large dogs that have deep, solemn mouths, and are swift in spending, which must, as it were, bear the bass in the concert; then a double number of roaring and loud-ringing mouths, which must bear the counter-tenor; then some hollow, plain sweet mouths, which must bear the mean or middle part; and so with these three parts of music you shall make your cry perfect." A page of detailed instructions follows.

Concert. In the "Spectator" this word was spelled *consort*, but there is no connection between *concert* and *consort*. The former is from French *concert-er*, which comes from the Italian *concert-are*, which in its turn comes from the Latin *consert-us*, p.p. of *con-ser-ere*, to join together.

Nice, fastidious, very careful.

"Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules."

ADDISON: *Cato*, act iii., sc. 1.

Counter-tenor, "one of the mean or middle parts of music, so called as it were opposite to tenor."—*Harris*.

"I am deaf for two months together; this deafness unqualifies me for all company except a few friends with *counter-tenor* voices."—*Swift*.

"Midsummer Night's Dream," act iv., sc. 1.

Flu'd or flewed, having large hanging chaps, which in a hound were called *flews*.

"The one of them called Jollyboy,
A great and large-flew'd hound."

ARTHUR GOLDING: *Ovid*, Book III.

Sanded, marked with small spots.

Dewlapped, furnished with dewlaps. The dewlap is the flesh that hangs down from the throat of oxen.

Out almost every day. "The Spectator arrived at Coverley Hall on one of the last days of June, and the hunt described . . . is said to have taken place 'yesterday.' Hunting in summer would be a grievous sin

against the sporting laws now in force ; but from the days of Elizabeth to those of George III. standing corn—the mere bread of the people—was not allowed to interfere with the squirearchy in their devotion to the chase. . . . It was not till the farmers' friend, George III., came to power that the abuse was abolished. By an Act passed in the early part of his reign the hunting season was confined to those months in autumn and winter . . . to which hunting is still limited."—*Wills*.

PAGE 51.

Rid occurs frequently in our older literature as the past part. of *ride*, but as the past tense it is not so common. There is no example of it in the Bible or in Shakespeare. Burnet has one in his "Theory of the Earth" :—"Upon this chaos *rid* the distressed ark that bore the small remains of mankind."

PAGE 52.

Doubles, turnings.

"Under the line the sun crosseth the line . . . but in the skirts of the torrid zone it *doubleth* and goeth back again."—Bacon : *Natural History*, No. 398.

Opened, barked.

"Hark ! the dog *opens* ; take thy certain aim."—GAY : *Rural Sports*.

PAGE 53.

His pole. Mr. Ashton, describing prints of hunting incidents, says : "Only the gentlemen are represented as being on horseback, the huntsmen having leaping-poles. This was better for them than being mounted, for the country was nothing like as cultivated as now, and perfectly undrained, so that they could go straighter on foot, and with these poles leaps could be taken that no horseman would attempt."—*Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, p. 233.

Following lines. The quotation is from an epistle "To my honoured kinsman, John Driden of Chesterton, in the county of Huntingdon, Esq.," ll. 73-4, 88-95.

Pamper'd, glutt'd (from the Low German *pampen*, to cram, from *pampe*, broth, pap).

PAGE 54.

CHAPTER XI.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 117 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 14, 1711.

Witchcraft. The belief in witchcraft was almost universal in the Spectator's day. It will be seen that Addison himself was not half a

sceptic, although he ridiculed the grosser forms of the superstition in "The Drummer" (act v., sc. 1):—

"Coachman. [To Sir George Truman, who is disguised as an astrologer.] Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

"Sir George. Ask it.

"Coachman. I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitched. . . . Now, sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitched by Goody Crouch or Goody Fly.

"Sir George. Neither.

"Coachman. Then it must be Goody Gurton, for she is the next oldest woman in the parish."

PAGE 55.

Applied herself. This reflexive use of *apply* is not common; it does not occur once in the Bible, and only once in Shakespeare:—

"If you *apply yourself* to our intents

(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find

A benefit in this change."—*Antony and Cleopatra*, act v., sc. 2.

Otway. Thomas Otway (1651-1685), a dramatist of brilliant promise, lived a checkered life and died a melancholy death. In domestic tragedy he exhibited a power and intenseness seldom reached. His best plays are "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved." The quotation in the text is from "The Orphan" (act ii.).

Rheum (from the Greek *ῥεῦμα*, *rheuma*, stem *ῥεῦμα*-, *rheumat*-, a flow, flux, rheum), a thin watery matter oozing through the glands. *Rheumatism* received its name from being supposed to proceed from an acrid secretion or rheum.

"I have a *rheum* in mine eyes too."

SHAKESPEARE: *Troilus and Cressida*, act. v., sc. 3.

Weeds, garments, as in "widow's weeds." The word is of different origin from *weed*, a noxious plant.

Switch. The popular belief was that witches rode through the air on broomsticks or similar pieces of wood. Other superstitions are mentioned in the text.

PAGE 56.

Saying her prayers backward, to invoke the devil.

Take a pin. Witches were believed to make people vomit pins.

Curses Moll White because he believed that the hounds had not been following a real hare, but Moll White in the form of one.

Hovel, diminutive of A.-S. *hof*, a house.

Cat. The familiar or imp which aided a witch was supposed to dwell in the body of a cat.

PAGE 57.

Tossing her into a pond to see if she would float or sink. If she floated she was a witch; if she sank she was believed innocent (which would not be much satisfaction to her after she was drowned).

Ado, to-do, trouble (for Middle Eng. *at-do*, to do, a northern idiom whereby *at* was used as the sign of the infinitive).

Commerce, traffic, intercourse.

"Places of public resort being thus provided our repair thither is especially for mutual conference, and, as it were, *commerce* to be had between God and us."—Hooker.

Delirious, from Latin *delirus*, mad; literally, going out of the furrow, from *de*, and *lira*, a furrow.

Decrepit, from Latin *decrepitus*, noiseless, creeping about like an old man, aged, from *de*, and *crepitus*, p.p. of *crep-are*, to crackle, burst.

Dotage, from the old Dutch *doten*, to dote, with the French suffix, *-age*.

PAGE 58.

CHAPTER XII.

This paper (written by Steele) was No. 118 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 16, 1711.

The grove sacred to the widow. (See p. 38.)

PAGE 59.

Being obliged, being placed under an obligation.

PAGE 60.

Is addressed to, has addresses paid to her.

Proxy is short for *procuracy*, from the Low Latin *procuratia*, from Latin *procur-are*, to manage. *By proxy* therefore means by the management of, or through another.

Harangue, an oration; originally a speech made in the midst of a ring of people (Old High German, *hirinc*).

PAGE 61.

Honest, pure.

"Wives may be merry, and yet *honest* too."

SHAKESPEARE: *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv., sc. 2.

PAGE 62.

For all, although.

Innocent. An idiot was often called an *innocent*; and Sir Roger meant that though there was something of simplicity in the widow's look, she was a woman of ability.

PAGE 63.

CHAPTER XIII.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 119 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 17, 1711.

Different manners. Travelling in the days of the Spectator was slow, uncomfortable, and dangerous. Road engineering was not yet born, and even the art of making a smooth surface was unknown; carriages had no springs, but were hung by leather straps, and passengers complained that at a journey's end their elbows and shoulders were, with jolting, "as black and blue as a rural man that had been under the pinches of an angry fairy;" upsets were common, and the highways were infested with robbers. People were therefore more home-keeping than they now are, and peculiarities of thought, language, and dress flourished in a way which is impossible where intercommunication is easy.

"Spectator" No. 129 has an amusing letter (by Addison) from a barrister who has ridden the western circuit, and not being "interrupted with clients," has had leisure to note fashions. At Staines people were not very far behind the London fashions. In the capital the height of ladies' head-dresses was diminishing, and the circumference of their petticoats increasing, and at Staines the barrister saw a lady whose head-dress "was not half a foot high, and her petticoat within some yards of a modish circumference." At the same place he "observed a young fellow with a tolerable periwig had it not been covered with a hat that was shaped" after the fashion of five years before. Three score miles from London the petticoat "was so very unfashionable that a woman might walk in it without any manner of inconvenience." At Salisbury he "took notice of a justice of the peace's lady who was at least ten years behindhand in her dress," though the good woman thought herself in the height of fashion. In the next county the greatest beau "was dressed in a most monstrous flaxen periwig that was made in King William's reign." In "the most western parts of the kingdom" he fancied himself "in King Charles the Second's reign," the people having made very little variation in their dress since that time.

PAGE 66.

Fashion . . . of the Revolution, hats edged with gold lace, and a coat also adorned with lace and embroidery. Claret red was the favourite colour for the coat.

Height of their head-dresses. The "Spectator" had already referred to the changed fashion of the head-dress in London. Writing on June 22 (No. 98), Addison says:—"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress; within my own memory I have known it

rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature that we appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven foot high that at present want some inches of five; how they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn."

When, therefore, the country ladies were trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses, they were decidedly behind their London sisters.

CHAPTER XIV.

Parts of two numbers of the "Spectator" (both written by Addison) are combined in this chapter. They are No. 120, which appeared on July 18, 1711, and No. 121, which appeared next day. The motto prefixed to the chapter is taken from the second paper.

PAGE 68.

Assiduous is a specially well-chosen word here, as its root is the Latin *assiduus*, sitting down to, and hence constant, unremitting, from *as* (*ad*) and *sed-ere*, to sit.

Propagate, from the past participle of the Latin *propag-are*, to peg down, propagate by layers.

PAGE 70.

Such an operation as the principle of gravitation, which Addison has just stated to be "an immediate impression from the first Mover."

Monsieur Bayle. Peter Bayle (1647-1706) was a very learned Frenchman. In his youth he was persuaded to abandon the Protestant religion in which he had been brought up, but after eighteen months' experience of the new faith he returned to the old. For a time he was professor of philosophy at the Protestant College in Sedan, but in 1681 Lewis XIV. closed that establishment and Bayle had to seek for employment elsewhere. He found it at Rotterdam, where he was again made professor of philosophy. His most famous work is his "Historical and Critical Dictionary," which he published in 1694. It shows great learning, strength of mind, and keen insight. An English translation appeared in 1710, and it was probably from this that Addison was quoting.

Dampier. Captain William Dampier (1652-1712?) was one of the early English circumnavigators. In his youth he fought against the Dutch; then he engaged for a time in the logwood business in Central America. Afterwards he sailed to the South Sea to attack the Spaniards, crossed the Pacific, traded in the East Indies, and finally

returned to England. His account of his voyage has many times been reprinted. The passage quoted occurs early in the first volume (p. 39, ed. 1697).

CHAPTER XV.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 122 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 20, 1711.

PAGE 71.

Approbations, applauses. These words are very seldom found in the plural. The second occurs once in Shakespeare:—

"Another general shout?

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar."

SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*, act. i., sc. 2.

Assizes. The assizes are the highest local courts. They are held for each county twice a year, by judges going on circuit.

The Game Act. See p. 127.

Shoots flying. See under *a net*, p. 137.

Quarter Sessions. See p. 127.

PAGE 72.

Ejectment, a legal writ by which the tenant of a house or estate is commanded to depart.

Cast, condemned in a trial or lawsuit.

"There then we met; both tried and both were cast,
And this irrecoverable sentence passed."—*Dryden*.

"Were the case referred to any competent judge they would inevitably be cast."—*Decay of Piety*.

PAGE 73.

Figure, distinguished appearance, eminence.

"I made some figure there, nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame."—*Dryden*.

PAGE 74.

Be at the charge, pay the cost.

Aggravation, exaggeration; literally, a making heavier (Latin, *gravis*, heavy).

Saracen's Head. Why the Saracen's Head was fixed on for a sign is uncertain. Some trace it to pilgrims from the Holy Land, some to Crusaders, and some to the legend about Becket's mother.

PAGE 75.

CHAPTER XVI.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 123 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 21, 1711.

Taking the air, taking an airing, spending time in the open air.

"The garden was enclosed within the square

Where young Emilia took the morning air."

DRYDEN: *Fables*.

PAGE 76.

A novel. In the days of the Spectator the word *novel* was not used as at present; it then meant invariably a *short* tale—generally of love.

"Nothing of a foreign nature like the trifling *novels* Ariosto inserted in his poems" . . . —*Dryden*.

Nothing at all resembling the modern novel had yet appeared in our literature; the stories of Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett opened up a new and boundless field which now bears crops prodigious in quantity, but often poor in quality.

"Novels," like this Story of an Heir, were a distinguishing feature of the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian," and of all the periodicals produced in imitation of them.

PAGE 77.

Mr. Cowley. Addison is quoting from Cowley's "Several Discourses by Way of Essays in Prose and Verse," No. 10, "On the Danger of Procrastination,"—"There's no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty."

PAGE 80.

In their education. Writing to Mr. Wortley (afterwards Wortley Montague) on July 21, 1711, Addison says:—"Being very well pleased with this day's 'Spectator,' I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I should be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his."

PAGE 81.

CHAPTER XVII.

Parts of two numbers of the "Spectator" (both written by Addison) are combined in this chapter. They are No. 125, which appeared on July 24, 1711, and No. 126, which appeared next day. The motto prefixed to the chapter is taken from the first paper.

The malice of parties. Party spirit ran to a height in the days of Anne which is almost inconceivable in our own. The Civil War had

only been an emphatic expression of party malice, and the measures taken by Charles II. after the Restoration were more calculated to embitter than to allay the rancour of one part of the nation towards another. The Revolution added fuel to the fire. The throne was transferred, but the loyalty of many of the subjects was not; in court, in parliament, in the army, in the church, were men who gave the reigning sovereigns only lip service—men who were plotting for the return of the exiled monarch. Suspicion and mistrust therefore prevailed, and party strife was intensified by the magnitude of the issues believed to be at stake. One may understand something of the spirit by considering the present condition of affairs in France, and the causes thereof.

St. Anne's Lane. "There were two St. Anne's Lanes which might have cost Sir Roger some trouble to find; one 'on the north side of St. Martin's-le-Grand, just within Aldersgate Street;'¹ and the other—which it requires sharp eyes to find in Strype's map—turning out of Great Peter Street, Westminster. Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his admirable Handbook for London, prefers supposing Sir Roger inquiring his way in Westminster."—*Wills.*

PAGE 82.

The Land Tax. "The Cavaliers condescended to take a lesson in the art of taxation from the Roundheads; and during the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution extraordinary calls were occasionally met by assessments resembling the assessments of the Commonwealth. After the Revolution the war with France made it necessary to have recourse annually to this abundant source of revenue. In 1689, in 1690, and in 1691 great sums had been raised on the land. At length, in 1692, it was determined to draw supplies from real property more largely than ever. The Commons resolved that a new and more accurate valuation of estates should be made over the whole realm, and that on the rental thus ascertained a pound-rate should be paid to the Government. Such was the origin of the existing land tax. The valuation made in 1692 has remained unaltered down to our own time. . . . During a hundred and six years a land tax bill was annually presented to Parliament, and was annually passed, though not always without murmurs from the country gentlemen. The rate was in time of war four shillings in the pound. . . . At length, in the year 1798, Parliament relieved itself from the trouble of passing a new Act every spring. The land tax at four shillings in the pound was made permanent, and those who were subject to it were permitted to redeem it. A great part has been redeemed."—*MACAULAY: History*, ii., 393 (Student's edition).

The War of the Spanish Succession, which was going on in the days of the Spectator, was considered to be a Whig war. Sir Roger, like a

¹ Stow.

good Tory, would look upon it with disfavour, and think his heavy land tax due to party.

Destruction of game. Addison elsewhere refers to the effect of parties on game preservation:—"Such was the end of this rebellion [in 1715], which in all probability will not only tend to the safety of our constitution, but the preservation of the game."—*Freeholder*, No. 3.

The last degree. See p. 143, under *the last*.

Diodorus (surnamed *Siculus*, from his being born in Sicily) was a historian who flourished about 44 B.C. He wrote an account of Egypt, Persia, Syria, Media, Greece, Rome, and Carthage, and is said to have visited every place he names. His style is simple, and his narrative very interesting, although he is credulous. The description quoted by Addison is referred by Mr. Morley to "Bibliothecæ Historiæ," lib. I. § 87.

Ichneumon is a Greek word (*ἰχνημῶν*), and literally means a tracker, from *ἰχνη-ειν* (*ichneu-ein*), to track, *ἰχνος* (*ichnos*), a footstep.

Finds his account, obtains any advantage.

"Considering the usual motives of human actions, which are pleasure, profit, and ambition, I cannot yet comprehend how those persons find their account in any of the three."—SWIFT: *Address to Parliament*.

PAGE 83.

Partizan, an adherent of a party, may be traced back to the Latin *pars*, a part. *Partisan*, a halbert, is an entirely different word, the ultimate origin of which is very doubtful.

Return . . . of the hat, taking off of the hat in return for the same civility.

PAGE 84.

Bait (literally, to make to bite), to stop at a place for refreshment.

"As one who on his journey baits at noon,

Though bent on speed, so here the archangel paused."

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*

An honest man, one belonging to the right party (which is always our own).

"Honest men have served you faithfully in this action [Naseby]."—CROMWELL (to the *Parliament*).

Fair better. He made bets fairly on the results of the various games at bowls.

PAGE 85.

A fanatic. Will Wimble would look upon a Whig and a Puritan as the same.

CHAPTER XVIII.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 130 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 30, 1711.

Gipsies is a shortening of *Egyptians*, the popular notion being that gipsies came originally from Egypt. They really came from India.

PAGE 86.

Exert the justice, exert his authority as justice. The laws against gipsies were horribly severe. Misson (in his "Memoirs and Observations on his Travels over England," quoted by Mr. Ashton) says:—"By Acts of Parliament and statutes made in the reign of Henry VIII. and his two daughters, all those people calling themselves Bohemians, or Egyptians, are hangable as felons at the age of fourteen years, a month after their arrival in England, or after their first disguising themselves. Before the month is out they escape with the loss of their goods, money, &c., if they have any. This law is not put in execution: 'tis true they have very few of those people in England."

Set the heads . . . husbands, by telling the girls' fortunes and promising them husbands.

Agog, in eagerness, for *on gog*, in activity or eagerness (Welsh *gog*, activity).

PAGE 87.

Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, King of Troy. Apollo gave her the power of foretelling the future.

My lines. The lines in the hand, from an examination of which a professor of palmistry pretends to tell fortunes.

Line of life is the name given in the language of palmistry to one of the lines of the hand.

Gibberish, idle talk; from the old verb *gibber*, to gabble, which is a frequentative of *gibe*.

Darkness. The replies of the ancient oracles were always clothed in mysterious and equivocal language.

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CHAPTER XIX.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 131 of the "Spectator," and appeared on July 31, 1711.

A month's excursion. The first paper describing the Spectator's visit to Sir Roger (Chapter II.) appeared on Monday, July 2, and the last (Chapter XIX.) on Tuesday, July 31.

PAGE 89.

Particular, peculiar. See p. 141, under *particularities*.

White Witch. The spells of white-witches were as powerful as those of other witches, but were exerted only for good purposes. The

help of a white witch was, therefore, often sought to counteract the evil influence of a "black" one.

A Jesuit. James II. being a Roman Catholic, the Jesuits were active agents in the attempt to restore him to the throne, or to place his son upon it. The Whig justice would naturally associate with intrigue so strange a monster as a man who held his tongue, and many of the Tory squires, being Jacobites, would think Sir Roger was concerned in some plot.

PAGE 90.

Some discarded Whig. Addison was literally a discarded Whig. His party had been driven from office the year before, and he had himself lost a place worth 2,000*l.* a year.

PAGE 91.

Spec. is Will Honeycomb's flippant way of addressing the "Spectator." When the ancient beau goes down into the country and marries a farmer's daughter, he announces the event in a letter beginning "My worthy friend," and the "Spectator" says:—"I must confess that I suspected something more than ordinary when, upon opening the letter, I found that Will was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed 'Dear Spec,' which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into 'My worthy friend,' and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length, 'William Honeycomb.'"—No. 530.

Stories of a cock and a bull, incredible tales.

"I conjectured you were a fop since you began to change the style of your letters. . . . I might expect this when you left off 'Honoured brother' . . . to begin with 'Rat me, knight!' . . . and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull."—CONGREVE: *The Way of the World*, act iii.

The phrase may, perhaps, be a corruption of a "concocted and bully story." The literature sold about the streets is known in hawkers' slang as "cocks."

It is impossible to say definitely to what the irreverent Will Honeycomb was referring—perhaps to the Story of an Heir.

Cock of the club, the conqueror, leader, governing man. This is the definition of Johnson, who quotes in illustration of it the sentence in the text and the following from Swift:—

- "My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school."

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CHAPTER XX.

This paper (written by Steele) was No. 132 of the "Spectator," and appeared on August 1, 1711.

Chamberlain, a servant whose duty it was to look after the chambers. The question asked him was usual and natural.

Ephraim was a name given to Quakers, because they would not fight. It originated from a verse in the Psalms:—"The children of Ephraim being armed and carrying bows turned back in the day of battle."—*Ps. lxxviii.*, 9.

PAGE 93.

The captain's half-pike. The captain was the recruiting-officer. In Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer" two of the characters are Captain Plume (from whom the play gets its name) and Kite, his sergeant. When the former makes his first entry, he says, "By the Grenadier's March [which was being played] that should be my drum." The same speech furnishes an illustration of the rate of travelling: "Let me see—four o'clock. At ten yesterday I left London. *An hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours is pretty smart riding.*"—Act i., sc. 1.

The pike (or lance) of the soldier had, in the days of the Spectator, been superseded by the socket-bayonet, but commissioned officers retained a half-pike, or short lance, while non-commissioned officers had a halbert.

Make a wedding at the next town. Before the passing of the Marriage Act, in 1753, "the canon law was in force in England, and, according to its provisions, the mere consent of the parties, followed by cohabitation, constituted for many purposes a valid marriage, and a marriage valid for all purposes could be celebrated by a priest in orders at any time or place without registration and without the consent of parents or guardians. Stamped licenses were, indeed, required by law, but not for the validity of the contract, and their omission was only punished as a fraud upon the revenue."—*LECKY: England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i., p. 490.

PAGE 94.

What's what. From two of the absurd questions asked in old systems of logic, "*Quid est?*" ("What is it?") and "*Quid est quid?*" ("What is what?") we have the noun *quiddity* (essence) and the phrase "to know what's what." It is said of Hudibras that he knew

"Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air;
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."—*Hudibras*, pt. ii., canto 1.

Fleer, to mock, gibe.

"Never fleer and jest at me."

SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado about Nothing*, act. v., sc. 1.

Hasped, shut in, as though with a hasp. A hasp is a clasp folded over a staple to be fastened with a padlock.

PAGE 95.

Smoky. *Smoke* was a cant verb very much in use, and (as is common with slang terms) it had more than one meaning. It meant (1) to jeer, to ridicule.

"Captain Sentrey, seeing two or three wags . . . lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should *smoke* the knight . . ." (See p. 108.)

Smoke meant (2) to detect a trick.

"So Van . . .

Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would *smoke*."

SWIFT: *Vanbrugh's House*.

"Upon that I began to *smoke* that they were a parcel of mummers."

ADDISON: *Freeholder*, No. 44.

It is hard to say to which of the two meanings *smoky* in the text is allied.

The right we had. "This rule of the road was occasioned by the bad condition of the public ways. On the best lines of communication ruts were so deep and obstructions so formidable, that it was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available; for on each side was often a quagmire of mud. Seldom could two vehicles pass each other unless one of them stopped. Which that should be caused endless disputes and not a few accidents."—*Wills*.

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CHAPTER XXI.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 269 of the "Spectator," and appeared on January 8, 1712.

Gray's Inn Walks. "Gray's Inn Gardens formed for a long time a fashionable promenade. . . . In Sir Roger's day no place was better adapted for 'clearing his pipes in good air,' for scarcely a house intervened thence to Hampstead."—*Wills*.

Gray's Inn derives its name from the noble family of Gray of Wilton, whose residence stood where the Inn now is.

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Prince Eugene. Francis Eugene, Prince of Savoy (1663-1736), second only to Marlborough in skill as a general, and second to none in modesty, humanity, and loyalty, was born in Paris, but upon the death of his father his mother was banished to the Low Countries. When Francis was old enough to become a soldier he offered his services to Lewis XIV.,

who refused them. The young man accordingly went to Vienna, where he was very courteously received by the Emperor, whose subject he became and whose army he joined. Eugene's bravery and skill were so conspicuous that his chief predicted he would one day "be the greatest captain of the age." After a time Lewis tried to induce him to quit the imperial service, but nothing could shake his fidelity.

When Eugene was about thirty-three he was made commander-in-chief of the forces in Hungary, and he defeated the Turks at Zenta, near Peterwardein. The vanquished army lost 20,000 killed, 6,000 drowned, 6,000 prisoners, and treasure worth several millions. In the War of the Spanish Succession he was appointed to co-operate with Marlborough, and there grew up between the two men the most perfect confidence.

When the Tories came into power in England they resolved to disgrace Marlborough and bring the war to an end, on terms that made absolute and reckless waste of the splendid victories which had been won, the blood which had been shed, and the gold which had been spent. It was to prevent the fall of his friend and the concluding of a disgraceful peace that Eugene visited England. He landed at Gravesend on January 5, 1712 and two days later Sir Roger had arrived in London for the purpose of seeing him. The good knight's eagerness was shared by the whole nation, for the prince's mission was no less popular than his person.

Eugenio. The Prince signed himself, as Sir Roger called him, "Eugenio" (Eugenio von Savoye).

Scanderbeg (whose proper name was George Castriot) was an Albanian hero, who fought bravely against the Turks. In childhood he had been given as a hostage to the Sultan Amurath II., who got him to enter the Mussulman army. He was entrusted with the command of a force sent against Hungary, but entered into secret correspondence with the opposing general, and enabled him to defeat the Turks with immense slaughter. Scanderbeg then hastened into his native Albania, where he was welcomed as king. It was in vain that Amurath and his successor strove against him; he was always victorious, and at last his independence was acknowledged. He took part in twenty-two battles, and killed two thousand Turks with his own hand. He died in 1467 at the age of sixty-three.

The Sunday before. It was on Tuesday that the knight called on the Spectator.

Dr. Barrow. See p. 134.

Marks. The mark was thirteen shillings and fourpence. It was not a coin, but only a name, as *guinea* is now.

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Tobacco-stopper, an instrument (generally of wood) for pressing down the tobacco into the pipe. It resembled in shape the spile of a beer-barrel.

PAGE 99.

Smutting one another. To smut one another's faces, or, by some trick, to get a man to smut his own, was a favourite diversion with the common people. Among the departed charms of Auburn, Goldsmith laments

"The swain mistrustless of his smutted face
While secret laughter tittered round the place."

The late Act of Parliament. By the Test Act (passed in 1673) all persons holding offices under the Crown and in corporations were required to take the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. Some Dissenters did not object to take the sacrament to qualify for office, but having once obtained the positions which they desired they did not go to church any more. This was very annoying to the Tories, and at the beginning of Queen Anne's reign the House of Commons (where they were in a majority) passed a bill imposing severe penalties on those who were guilty of "occasional conformity." The House of Lords (where the Whig party was the stronger) rejected the measure. It was passed by the Commons again and again, and in 1711 (a compromise having been made between the Tories and certain Whig peers) it was accepted by the House of Lords. Sir Roger, being a good Tory, of course rejoiced at the passing of the "Act for Preserving the Protestant Religion by better securing the Church of England as by Law Established."

Plum-porridge, a very popular broth, of which currants and plums formed a part. It was a standing dish at Christmas time.

The Puritans were strongly opposed to the keeping of saints' days and holidays, and to all customs connected therewith. They fasted on Christmas Day, and in 1657 an ordinance was passed abolishing that and other holidays. Butler describes the Puritans as

"A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this
And finding something still amiss; . . .
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to; . . .
Rather than fail they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced pies and disparage
Their best and dearest friend plum porridge."

Hudibras, pt. i., canto 1.

In Sir Roger's eyes therefore a Dissenter who ate very plentifully of

plum-porridge on Christmas Day could not be far from returning to the fold of the Church.

The Pope's Procession. On November 17 of each year (the date of Elizabeth's accession) the Londoners used to show their Protestant zeal by carrying in procession effigies of the Pope, the devil, cardinals, &c. In the end the figures were burned. In 1711 there were to be special features, in consequence of the popular feeling against the peace which the Tory government was making with France. The ministers, therefore, caused the effigies to be seized.

Made me promise. "Prince Eugenio" stood god-father to Steele's second son; the Spectator was therefore a likely person to get a good stand for Sir Roger.

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Baker's Chronicle. Richard Baker (1568-1645) was knighted by James I. in 1603. He was a man of wealth and position, but becoming security for his wife's relatives was ruined, and died in the Fleet Prison. His "Chronicle of the Kings of England from the Time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James" was greatly admired by himself and by country gentlemen.

In his hall window. In Grosse's "Olio" (1798) is a "Sketch of some worn-out characters of the last age." Speaking of the country squire the writer says, "The hall was furnished with fitches of bacon, and the mantelpiece with guns and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partisan and dagger borne by his ancestor in the Civil Wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanac, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough: in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Foxe's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice, and a book of Farriery."

Squire's was a coffee-house in Fulwood's Rents, much frequented by barristers and students from the neighbouring Gray's Inn. Squire, the man who kept it, died in 1717.

Supplement. In the early part of the seventeenth century several of the newspapers used to issue manuscript supplements or postscripts containing news which had come to hand since the printed edition had been published. It was for one of these supplements that the knight called.

CHAPTER XXII.

This paper (written by Addison) is No. 329 of the "Spectator," and appeared on March 18, 1712.

My paper upon Westminster Abbey was "Spectator" No. 26, which appeared on March 30, 1711.

Ingenious fancies. The paper is full of weighty thoughts; perhaps the finest is that on which Thackeray bestows so much praise in his "English Humourists":—"When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

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Promised another paper. "I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day."

Not having visited them. The tombs in Westminster Abbey were one of the chief "sights;" the lions in the Tower and the mad folk in Bedlam were the other two.

"I took three lads who are under my guardianship a rambling in a hackney coach to show them the town, as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam."—*Tatler*, No 30.

Widow Trueby's Water. Every lady knew how to distil "strong waters" and many knew how to drink them. The essential part of the compounds was always brandy; herbs of many kinds were added, and fanciful names were given to the mixtures. "Aqua solis," "rosa solis," "aqua mirabilis," "rosemary water," "ratafia," are constantly mentioned in the old comedies, and the predilection of ladies for them is constantly ridiculed.

Sickness being at Dantzic. "Dantzic was at this time [1709] severely visited with a plague which swept away almost one half of their inhabitants, though few of the better sort died of the infection. This put their neighbours under great apprehensions: they feared the spreading of the contagion, but it pleased God it went no farther."—BURNET: *History of his own Time*, vi., 28 (ed. 1753).

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Distilled. The "still room" and "still maid," yet to be found in great houses, keep in memory the time when every lady distilled.

Jointure, estate settled on a wife to be enjoyed by her after her husband's death.

Fain (A.S. *faegen*, glad), gladly. This word is often misused, as if it meant forced, obliged, compelled. Dr. Johnson conjectures that the mistake arose from a misunderstanding of "some ambiguous expressions, as 'I was fain to do this,' which would equally suit with the rest of the sentence, whether it was understood to mean 'I was compelled,' or 'I was glad to do it for fear of worse.'"

Engaged, attached (*not betrothed*).

Trophies. These trophies would be on the monuments raised to men who had fallen in the War of the Spanish Succession. In his previous paper Addison says:—"I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean."—*Spectator*, No. 26.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel (1650-1707) rose by courage, good conduct, and force of character from cabin-boy to admiral. On October 22, 1707, his fleet was wrecked off the Scilly Isles, and he himself drowned. His body being washed ashore, some fishermen buried it in the sand. Two months after, it was exhumed and buried in Westminster Abbey, where the queen caused a monument to be erected to the intrepid seaman.

In his previous paper Addison says: "Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave, rough, English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument, for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour."—*Spectator*, No. 26.

Busby. Richard Busby (1606-1695) was educated at Westminster and Christ Church College, Oxford. He graduated in 1628. His learning and his zeal for the Stuarts obtained for him in 1640 the head-mastership of his old school. He soon earned a reputation for success, and though he also earned a reputation for severity, many of the noblest families entrusted their children to his care. He boasted at one time that of the bishops then on the bench, sixteen had been under his "little rod." Busby was buried beneath the black and white pavement which he presented to the choir.

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The little chapel, the chapel of St. Edmund.

Our historian, the guide who was conducting them through the abbey.

King of Morocco. The "lord" who was credited with cutting off the King of Morocco's head was Sir Bernard Brocas, who died in 1896. His head rests on a helmet surmounted by a crest, a crowned Moor's head, whence, doubtless, originated the story told Sir Roger.

The statesman Cecil is the great Lord Burleigh of Elizabeth's reign. He erected a large monument to his wife Mildred (who died in 1589),

and their daughter Anne, Countess of Oxford (who died in 1588). "The Latin inscriptions by Lord Burleigh himself commemorate his grief for the loss of those 'who were dear to him beyond the whole race of woman kind.' He is represented in the upper story kneeling in his robes of state. Below, on the sarcophagus, are the effigies of his wife and daughter. Lady Burleigh's son, Robert Cecil, kneels at her feet, and her three granddaughters . . . at her head."—M. C. & E. T. BRADLEY: *Popular Guide to Westminster Abbey*, p. 41.

Martyr to good housewifery. The supposed martyr was Elizabeth the daughter of Lord John Russell. She "was born within the precincts, and christened in the Abbey. She afterwards became maid of honour to her godmother, Queen Elizabeth, and died young of consumption [in 1601]. The figure is seated upright in an osier chair on a floridly decorated pedestal. Her finger pointing to the skull at her feet gave rise to the vulgar error that she died from pricking it with a needle."—*Popular Guide*, p. 39.

"A person attended us [through the abbey] who, without once blushing, told us a hundred lies; he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger, of a king with a golden head, and twenty such absurdities."—GOLDSMITH: *The Citizen of the World*, Letter xiii.

The two coronation chairs. "The chair on the right was made for William and Mary's coronation; the ancient one on the left is the chair made for Edward I. to enclose the famous stone of Scone. Tradition identifies this stone with the one upon which Jacob rested his head at Beth-el. . . . Setting aside the earlier myths (the chief reason being that the stone is Scotch sandstone), it is certain that it had been for centuries an object of veneration to the Scots, who fancied that 'while it remained in their country the state would be unshaken.' Upon this stone, their kings down to John Balliol were crowned, and it is said that the following distich had been engraved upon it by Kenneth:—

*"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem,"*¹

a prophecy which was fulfilled at James I.'s accession. When Edward I. overran Scotland he seized this precious relic and took it to England, where it was placed in Westminster Abbey (1297), the Scots subsequently making repeated efforts to reclaim it. Edward had a magnificent oaken chair, painted by Master Walter . . . and decorated with false jewels, made to contain it, and this is the same chair whose battered remains we see before us. Upon this chair and stone, which are covered with cloth of gold and moved into the sacrum at coronations, the sovereigns

¹ "Except old saws do fail,
And wizards' wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where thou this stone shalt find."

of England have ever since been crowned. . . . In Addison's time the chair was unguarded by railings, but the guides exacted a forfeit from every person who sat down in it."—*Popular Guide*, p. 69.

Jacob's pillar. Jacob's pillow.

Trepanned, caught, ensnared.

"Cease your funning;

Force or cunning

Never shall my heart *trepan*."

GAY: *The Beggar's Opera*, act ii., sc. 2.

To'other, the other.

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Edward the Third's sword. The "monumental sword that conquered France" (as Dryden calls it) and the shield are placed near the coronation chairs.

Touched for the evil. Scrofula is called "the king's evil" from a popular delusion that it could be cured by the touch of a royal hand. The superstition was not dead in the days of the *Spectator*—nor was Queen Anne, and one of the earliest recollections of Dr. Johnson was of being taken to London to be "touched" by her.

Without a head. The king without a head was Henry V. The head of his monumental effigy had been of solid silver, and the rest of the figure was plated with the same metal. The theft probably took place when the monasteries were dissolved.

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Norfolk buildings, in Norfolk Street, Strand. The street received its name from being built on the site of Arundel House (the Duke of Norfolk's).

CHAPTER XXIII.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 335 of the "*Spectator*," and appeared on March 25, 1712.

The new tragedy. This paper is a very ingenious puff of Ambrose Philips's "*Distressed Mother*," and reminds one strongly of Fielding's praise of Garrick in "*Tom Jones*."

Ambrose Philips (1671-1749) was born in Shropshire. After finishing his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, he came to London and joined that band of Whig writers of which Addison was the chief. His pastorals appeared in 1709 and the "*Distressed Mother*" in 1712. He wrote two other plays, and some complimentary poems by which (according to Dr. Johnson) "he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole the 'steerer of the realm' to Miss Pulteney in the nursery. These pieces got for him the nickname of 'Namby' Pamby.'" Philips, like the other authors of the day, obtained various posts under the Government.

¹ *Namby*, of course, from *Ambrose*, like *Noll* from *Oliver*.

He would have been long forgotten but for his friends and foes. Addison and all the members of Addison's "little senate" were among the former; Pope was the chief of the latter.

The pastorals of Philips and those of Pope both appeared in *Tonson's Miscellany* in 1709. In 1713 a series of papers by Tickell appeared in Steele's "Guardian," discussing pastorals in general, warmly commending those of Philips, but never mentioning Pope's. Pope therefore wrote a paper for the "Guardian" pretending to continue the praise of Philips's and to criticise his own, but artfully selecting for commendation the worst passages of Philips's work, and for blame the best passages of his own—which sometimes "deviate into downright poetry." It need hardly be said that Pope being the offender never forgave Philips, but attacked him whenever an opportunity could be made.

Addison and his friends were determined that the "new tragedy" should succeed. A "puff preliminary," written by Steele, had already appeared in the "Spectator," No. 290.

The Committee. "The Committee, or the Faithful Irishman," by Sir Robert Howard (Dryden's brother-in-law), was produced soon after the Restoration. Its first title is derived from a sequestration committee under the Commonwealth; its second from Teague, the faithful blundering servant of Colonel Careless, a royalist gentleman. Though the intrinsic merits of the play are small, it kept the stage till after the Revolution, as its ridicule of the Puritans was popular.

• This distressed mother. In order to make the allusions to the play intelligible, it will be necessary to give a brief summary of it.

When, after the fall of Troy, the prisoners were divided among the victorious chiefs, Andromache (the widow of Hector) and Astyanax (his child) fell to the lot of Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. When the play opens, Pyrrhus is King of Epirus, and his captives are living in his court. Also living in his court is Hermione, the daughter of King Menelaus. She is betrothed to Pyrrhus (whom she loves greatly), and it is to be married to him that she has left her home. But the fickle fancy of Pyrrhus has been transferred to Andromache, who remains faithful to the memory of her brave husband. Orestes, who has long wooed Hermione in vain, comes as ambassador from the Greek princes to demand that Astyanax shall be given up to their vengeance lest he should grow into a second Hector. Hoping to earn the gratitude of the lad's mother, Pyrrhus will not give him up, but Andromache still rejects her lover's suit.

Orestes is pleased that his mission has been a failure, for Hermione may accept him if Pyrrhus will not have her. But when the king informs his captive of the demand of the princes, and of his answer, she remains constant in her refusal. He therefore rushes out in anger and dashes all the hopes of Orestes by saying he will marry Hermione on the morrow and give up Astyanax.

But, meanwhile, Andromache has been convinced that it is her duty for her son's sake to listen to the suit of Pyrrhus. He is overjoyed, and gives instant orders for wedding and coronation. This fresh insult coming after months of neglect goads Hermione into fury. She tells Orestes that she will never hear him unless he goes straightway into the temple and stabs Pyrrhus. Against his better judgment, but resolved at any cost to win Hermione, he goes.

Then Andromache, dressed for her bridal, appears. Though she has relented of her promise, she will keep it to the letter, but having, by marrying Pyrrhus, got a father for her son, she will kill herself, and thus rest true to Hector. Soon Orestes rushes in with wild looks. When the ceremony in the temple was ended, the Greeks in his train had rushed upon Pyrrhus and slain him. Hermione's hate dies when she hears the king is dead, and her love revives with double force. She rails at Orestes, calls him "monster," "barbarian," and assassin," till the poor man grows distracted. We are treated to some half-dozen mad speeches from him before the faithful Pylades leads him off. The Greeks hasten to their ships and leave Epirus, which then comes under the sway of Andromache and Astyanax.

"The Distressed Mother" is little more than a translation of Racine's "Andromaque." The original follows all the rules of the French classical school, but it is (to an English reader) a dreary performance. The unities of time and place are preserved, but the personages speak and act as real men and women never would. Philip's heavy translation of an uninteresting original obtained considerable success, thanks chiefly to the exertions of Addison and his friends.

The Mohocks were bands of dissolute young men of quality, who sallied out after dark to insult and injure respectable men and women. They used to break windows with halfpence, hack the faces of unoffending passengers, make people dance by pricking them with their swords, thrust women into barrels and roll them down Snow Hill, and commit many other deeds, showing equal wit and humanity. There was a violent outbreak in 1709, and another in 1712. On March 17, 1712, the very day on which "The Distressed Mother" was first played, a royal proclamation was issued against the Mohocks.

PAGE 106.

Such a trick. There was nothing novel in the doings of the Mohocks, but only in the name under which the roysterers went. In the days of Charles II. they were "Muns" and "Tityre-Tus"; then came Hectors and Scourers.

The battle of Steenkirk was one of the incidents in the war between William III. and Lewis XIV., which was ended for a time by the Peace

of Ryswick in 1697. The battle was fought in August, 1692, and resulted in a victory for the French.

In the pit. There were no "stalls" in those days. The pit was the place where the critics sat.

PAGE 107.

Better strut. Pyrrhus was acted by a popular player named Booth.

PAGE 108.

Hector's ghost. The third act ends in a speech, wherein Andromache says:—

"Come, my Cephisa, let us go together
To the sad monument which I have raised
To Hector's shade . . .
There let me weep, there summon to my aid
With pious rites my Hector's awful shade."

Thence Sir Roger's expectation of seeing the ghost.

Seen the little boy. Astyanax is much spoken of, but does not appear.

The old fellow in whiskers was one of the minor characters—Phoenix, counsellor to Pyrrhus.

Smoke. See note under *smoky*, p. 159.

PAGE 109.

CHAPTER XXIV.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 383 of the "Spectator," and appeared on May 20, 1712.

PAGE 110.

On the water. The Thames was for centuries the chief means of intercommunication for Londoners. From the royal palace at Greenwich to the Tower, from the Tower to Whitehall and Westminster, past the Temple with its gardens and the Strand with its mansions, from Westminster to the palace at Hampton Court, the river was the "silent highway" alike for pleasure and for business. The licensed watermen numbered many thousands; a man of position would no more be without a "barge" than without a carriage. The King, the Lord Mayor, the city companies, had state barges and private watermen. From 1454 a procession on the Thames had been a part of the chief magistrate's yearly "show," and other pageants were common on the river. As travelling by land became easy and safe, the "silent highway" was used less and less.

Spring Gardens. On the west side of Parliament Street, at the Trafalgar Square end, the name Spring Gardens may still be seen. It

marks the site of some gardens belonging to the palace of Whitehall. They got their name from a contrivance thus described by Hetzner in his *Travels* (1598): "In the garden belonging to this palace there is a *jet d'eau* with a sun-dial, at which, while strangers are looking, a quantity of water forced by a wheel, which the gardener turns at a distance, through a number of little pipes, plentifully sprinkles those that are standing around." These gardens became in course of time a fashionable pleasure resort, and constant references to them occur in the Restoration comedies.

It was not to the Spring Gardens in Whitehall that the Spectator took Sir Roger, for their glory had departed. Their name was assumed by a place on the south side of the river which also desired to assume their character—the grounds of Fulke's Hall (corrupted first to Fox hall, and then to Vauxhall). These appear to have been thought worth visiting by the gentlemen and ladies of Charles II.'s time. Evelyn and Pepys both record visits to Fox-hall, but the earliest allusion which we have to them as places of public resort is in this number of the "Spectator." In 1782 they passed into the hands of Jonathan Tyres, whose judicious and enterprising management lasted for nearly fifty years.

Speculating, writing a speculation. See note, p. 132.

La Hogue. The English and Dutch fleets under Admirals Russell and Rooke gained a great victory over the French, under Admiral Tourville, off La Hogue, on May 19, 1692.

PAGE 111.

The seven wonders were the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus (whence *mausoleum*), the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the colossus of Rhodes, Phidias's statue of Zeus, and the Pharos of Egypt (or Cyrus's palace cemented with gold).

On this side, the western.

Fifty new churches. "The want of new churches in the growing suburbs of London had for some time past engaged the thoughts of Convocation. An address upon the subject from its upper house was presented to the queen [in 1711] by the Archbishop of Canterbury, while Dr. Atterbury, as prolocutor of the lower house, waited with a similar petition on the speaker. The result was a message from the queen to the House of Commons . . . which warmly recommended the promotion of 'so good and pious a work.' The Commons showed equal zeal. . . . Resolutions were passed accordingly for building fifty new churches within the bills of mortality . . . and for the expenses assigning that part of the duty on coals which had defrayed the construction of St. Paul's."—STANHOPE: *The Reign of Queen Anne*, ii. 219 (Tauchnitz ed.)

Put, a cant term for a rustic or clown.

"Lady Truman. I keep him for my steward and not my companion. He's a sober man.

"*Tinsel*. Yes, yes, he looks like a *put*,—a queer old dog as ever I saw in my life."—ADDISON: *The Drummer*, act iv., sc. 2.

See also p. 114, line 18.

Thames ribaldry. Coarse banter was constantly passing between the occupants of different boats. Tom Brown gives some instances of it, but they are too horrible for quotation.

PAGE 112.

A mask, a woman wearing a mask. A mask was then a part of the ordinary outfit of a lady, and the wearing of one was no more remarkable than the wearing of a hat.

PAGE 113.

CHAPTER XXV.

This paper (written by Budgell) was No. 359 of the "*Spectator*," and appeared on April 22, 1712.

PAGE 114.

Boarded with a surgeon. The father probably objected to Will from a doubt about the soundness of his constitution.

Lyon's Inn stood between Wych Street and Holywell Street. It was pulled down about 1863. The Globe Theatre and the Opera Comique now stand on its site.

PAGE 115.

The book. Addison had published in the "*Spectator*" a series of critical papers on "*Paradise Lost*." The book "considered last Saturday" was the tenth.

The following lines. "*Paradise Lost*," x. 888-908.

PAGE 116.

CHAPTER XXVI.

This paper (written by Addison) was No. 517 of the "*Spectator*," and appeared on October 23, 1712.

PAGE 117.

Dead. Budgell states in the "*Bee*" that Addison killed Sir Roger in order that nobody else might murder him. But "the killing of Sir Roger" has been sufficiently accounted for, without supposing that Addison despatched him in a fit of anger: for the work was about to close, and it appeared necessary to close the club; but whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning this circumstance, it is universally agreed that it produced a paper of transcendent excellence in all the graces of simplicity

and pathos. There is not in our language any assumption of character more faithful than that of the honest butler; nor a more irresistible stroke of nature than the circumstance of the book received by Sir Andrew Freeport."--CHALMERS: *British Essayists*.

You was. Addison may have meant the *was* to show that the butler was not an educated man, but in the "Spectator's" day it would almost have savoured of pedantry to insist upon *were*. *You was* is often put into the mouths of people whom there is no intention of representing as illiterate. In Bishop Hoadley's "Suspicious Husband," for instance, a student of the Temple says: "But madam, you *was* going to undress" (act iii., sc. 2), and in the same play (act v., sc. 2) another gentleman says: "May I not hope you *was* not quite indifferent."

PAGE 118.

A steeple. It is said that both here and in his description of the Coverley Sunday Addison had in view the church of the village where he himself was born, Milston. If so, no one has converted into reality the fictitious bequest of Sir Roger, for Milston Church still remains without a steeple.

PAGE 119.

Quit-rents, small sums paid by the tenants of most manors as acknowledgments of rights.

PAGE 120.

The Act of Uniformity. There were several Acts of Uniformity passed in order to bring about one practice in worship. The one which Sir Roger probably sent to Sir Andrew Freeport was 14 Car. II., c. 4. As a good Churchman the country knight would be hostile to Dissenters, while the city knight, being a Whig, would favour them.

